Breadcrumbs 2023

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2023
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2023. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2023
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

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https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
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The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
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The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
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The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
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To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If You are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

* * * *

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And You, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

* * * *

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

* * * *

We are all extemporaneous players in this Shakespearian mirage.
We all strike the pose, the attitude, the passion, the given twinkling beckons.
The moment none can help but complete in whatever fashion nature-nurture has allotted.
From royal flush to low card, the hand You are dealt, is the one You must play.
Should You choose to stick around, to enjoy and endure it all, that is.

* * * *

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.

An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

This mind-body You imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

* * * *

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That You are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.

One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

* * * *

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

* * * *

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

* * * *

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything You see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

* * * *

The ice box door is gaping-wide, the-roar-of-the falls-daily-louder open,
And there is no way closing it – even if we could – is going to undo where it is spinning.
The remainder of human history, however long, however short, is set to reel madly down a harsh road.

* * * *

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

* * * *

Whoever comes out of the chutes, straightest and strongest and fastest, generally wins the race.
Assuming, of course, they choose to compete at all; instead, find wandering about, the greater draw.

* * * *

Self-imagery can be a huge stumbling block.

How You discern another, how another discerns You,
Depends very much on how your frames of reference interface,
And there is really nada-nada either of You can do about it,
Except perhaps somehow remain in total detachment,
Which works for about thirteen seconds, at best.

* * * *

It is the insatiable ravenousness of the mind, of consciousness, of imagination,
That must be disciplined, be tempered, be controlled, be mastered.
You can pretty much do anything, once and a while.
You cannot do anything all the time.

* * * *

Whether You want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

* * * *

Normal is nothing more than what You are used to.
It is the pattern, the habit, the conditioning,
Through which You view your world.

* * * *

You and that guy in the gutter have a lot more in common than many would care to believe.
There, but for the grace of the happenstance of natural selection, go You, if You are so lucky.

* * * *

You may not have had a choice in being born,
But You can certainly have hand in how it ends,
If the Reaper does not beat You to the punch.

* * * *

You are but a particle,
Wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery.
All of it all the while.

* * * *

This moment has been a window of freedom and affluence,
The masses have never experienced in all human history.
And the zenith of that world is in the rear-view mirror.
Oppression and anarchy will dance a perverse duet,
In the scar-tissue of the world we have set afoot.

* * * *

Seriously, how much software do You need, how many apps do You use, how many games do You play?
Virtual reality has its time and place, and is the dominating stimulus in these our times,
But an existence without a relationship with the real virtual reality,
That mystery from which all this has come to be,
Is a dubious existence, indeed.

* * * *

Every ripple, small to large, tenders a consequence; oftentimes several.
And then there are the swells and rogue waves and tsunamis,
Mixing and matching, to the horizon and beyond.
And You, powerless to stave off or evade,
Any racing for your rocky shore.

* * * *

The analogue mind versus the digital mind,
And the disconnected distortion between,
Is wreaking havoc in a future undone.

* * * *

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

* * * *

Only You know your own story,
And even that is but a vain perception,
Of what may have really happened.

* * * *

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what You are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are states of mind.
An angel can wander throughout any hell, untouched.
And a demon would sling a cloud of rancor and discord into any heaven.

* * * *

It is the body, the corporeal container, that dies, not You.
The reality is, we were never born, so dying is highly improbable.
You are the awareness, the right-here-right-now, the mystery, of all eternity.

* * * *

Time and space are an illusion of consciousness.
We only believe we exist because of a sensory mind-body,
Fabricated by the electromagnetic spectrum, a.k.a., quantum matrix.
Meditation long ago intuited it illusion; science has proved,
We are all very much alone in our own twilight zone.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, imagination, memory, mindfulness, insight, intuition,
Can never even hope to be more than a shadow of the awareness,
That is as real as it can ever, will ever, get.
The real and the unreal are a duet of the unknown.

* * * *

To follow, to worship, the vain and mighty; why?
When being your Self, in this very right-here-right-now,
Is the 24/7/365 all-accepting alter of what is, is-ing ever along.

* * * *

To know history, to understand one's culture, and place in it, is to perhaps be ready for whatever comes.
The historian-anthropologist-philosopher gives the dreamtime a nuanced perspective,
Percolated in a doubting detachment that bends to relativity.

* * * *

Regarding traveling through space and time,
It is tough to wander something that does not exist,
As anything more than an imaginary notion.
All imagination can do is travel itself.

* * * *

Why be concerned whether anyone else is free,
If You, your Self, have not managed to brass-ring it?
It is surely enough, if You alone, have truly let go all claims.
The human paradigm will carry on in its squalor to the bitter end.
No need to wander furrow-browed trying to solve its insoluble dilemma.

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?
Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds, You are.

* * * *

You have never been real, You will never be real, in any way You think.
There is only pure awareness, it suffers not, be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

You may be an extremely complex pattern, but You are a pattern, nonetheless.
Your fated destiny is playing out – ineffably inexplicable as its indivisibility ever is –
As the first moment of creation, spun into being, its magical-mystery matrix of space and time.

* * * *

If there is an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, merciful god,
Why would You ever have to pray, to beg, to plead, to hope, for anything?
How would he-she-it not know your every need, your every want?

* * * *

Always curious how our kind build ups or tears down,
The many others who chance through the conditioned awareness.
To illustrate it in agricultural vernacular: we till, we prune, we thin, we grade,
And then enjoy the bounty, the harvest, the fruits, of our industry.
And woe unto those who are not deemed worthy.

* * * *

You would kill someone, simply because they call their idol by a different name than yours?
Seriously?

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness.
No need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable, in the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix, of the inexplicable source, that has ever been You, awareness.

* * * *

It is a bit less problematic to be generous, to be liberal, to be kind,
When You are not having to make decisions, infused with greed and vanity.
The spreadsheet pinnacles are without mercy for the masses,
Over which they imagine themselves superior.

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater,
Is the way of the eternal mind, timelessly witnessing.
As the mind moves, so does the dream.

* * * *

You are first and last, with nothing before or between or after,
If space and time truly existed as more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

What are the number-crunching odds, that once some material possession is in a storage unit,
Or even a closet or drawer or box or bag, that You will ever use it, or ever even think of it, again?

* * * *

Save the world? From Us? Lord, no!
How would that even be at all possible?
And where in God's moniker, to even begin.

Seriously, is it any marvel, Jesus has not returned?

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of the space-time born of imagination.
The return to nothingness, is the dissolution of all things imagined,
Of all things begetted of consciousness.

* * * *

Might not be the way You would say it,
But in the essence of linguistic aptitude,
Getting the gist, is all that really matters.

* * * *

What is around the next corner, and the next, and the many beyond,
Can be a great surprise to those without the sagacity of anticipation.

* * * *

How many followers would follow their prophets,
If they ran into them unrecognized on any given street?

* * * *

This long and winding work is dedicated,
To the mystics at large, the mystiques en liberté,
For whom Self is all; for whom one is all, and all are one.

* * * *

The intensity of imagination contributes greatly to holding one's breath.
When feeling the tension of any perception, observe how You are breathing, or not.
Oxygen deprivation may be contributing to the plight, to which your mind so readily succumbs.

* * * *

This esoteric work is dedicated to mystics at large;
The mystiques en liberté, for whom Self is all.

* * * *

Not making the world, about You, goes a long way towards not taking things personally.
And not taking things personally, goes a long way towards equanimity of mind and body.

* * * *

We all get a sensory window, oh-so-mortal, to the mystery all equally are.
All tweaked and twisted by the imaginary conviction,
Through which all things are viewed.

* * * *

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.

A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

* * * *

How to articulate the tension, the satisfaction, the pleasure,
Any given creator feels, from each stroke, of whatever the brush.

* * * *

To truly be The King of your jungle, cannot be make-believe bravado.
You must be The King, in whatever way it takes, to eliminate all doubt.
For doubt will only bring anarchy, and very likely ensure decline and fall.

* * * *

Science fiction may herald every variety of possibility, but it is not reality.
It takes a great deal of all things technological, not to mention funding and resources,
To duplicate what paper and screen writers, from the comfort of keyboards, so easily imagine.

* * * *

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

* * * *

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.

Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,

To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the ‘or’ of the middle way.

* * * *

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.

The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.
The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

* * * *

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

* * * *

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.

And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

* * * *

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.

The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.
The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.

The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.
The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are absurd.
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.

The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.
The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.

The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.
The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

* * * *

You are what You eat, and You shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, You are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

* * * *

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that You have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

* * * *

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

* * * *

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

* * * *

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.

The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

* * * *

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

* * * *

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

* * * *

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever You will, it is all You; there is no other.

* * * *

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

* * * *

Why are You so fearful of it all coming to an end?

Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did You have in anything, that lead You to be reading this?

* * * *

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

* * * *

The you, You imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

* * * *

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

* * * *

How we can be so blinded by vanity and greed,
As to not clearly see, and not be on full-back-track concerned,
That strangling the garden is a sure road to perdition,
Is an astoundingly absurd thing to witness.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,

Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once You have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

* * * *

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, You so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

* * * *

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

* * * *

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.

Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

* * * *

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

* * * *

Letters and numbers and notes, and any other hieroglyphs,
Are all imagined, and bound to the mirage of time and space.
The awareness is prior to all; the sky in which all clouds dance.

* * * *

Here is your death, come and get it, embrace it with all your being.
Or run away, as far, as fast, as your make-believe deigns.
The Reaper will be waiting for your arrival.

* * * *

Your universe will never be the same once You wander from the first one.
Actually, it has never been the same every moment since your conception.

* * * *

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

* * * *

Imagination can only imagine itself to be awareness.
That which is prior to all things born of quantum design,
Cannot be grasped by the whimsy of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether awake or asleep, a dream is a dream,
And that is all it is, all it has ever been, all it will ever be,

No matter how many memories the imaginary you shores it up with.

* * * *

Are You walking alone, paying attention to the given moment,
Or with the cloud of memories rolodexing through the cerebellum?

* * * *

If there is movement, there are ripples,
And ripples, and ever more ripples, rippling away.
That is the disposition of the coin of creation and destruction,
With preservation flipping to and fro about the edges.

* * * *

How fortunate You are if power and fame and fortune have somehow evaded You.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

When schemes do not go according to plan, best to take a big breath,
And then stoke up whatever grit and gumption is necessary,
To come up with the new plan that will carry on.
Stiff upper lip is what the Brits call it.

* * * *

Without being paranoid, may be best to always assume
There could be a camera or video pointing your direction.

* * * *

How You deal with the kaleidoscoping moment,
Is entirely shaped by the nature-nurture,
You drew in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Humankind is what it is, has always been, and will always be.
Would make sense to just sit and stare at a wall, as to get all twisted about it.
Discerning the sanctity of eternity – to be at peace with the illusion – is a gift to your Self.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, got set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be and do something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of, for even a few minutes, overriding the natural selection that whittled us,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.

Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

* * * *

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

* * * *

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …

… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …
… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …

… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …
… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …

… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …
… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

* * * *

The mitote, the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind,

Are always ready and waiting and eager to sally into the windmills of your mind.
How many are playing over and over and over in your head, in the right here, right now?

* * * *

The mystery created imagination.
Imagination created deities of every variety,
And plays out ceaseless permutations of vanity and greed.
Its trail of horrors ignores all rationality, all compassion, all munificence.
The mystery, in all its vastness, has no shoulders to shrug.

* * * *

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

* * * *

Someone who has not got a lot to do, has less time to do it in,
Than someone who has a hectic existence, with so much on their plate,
That any need is added to the list, and done as quickly and efficiently as possible.
Yet another peculiar irony in the paradox of all things two-legged in this quantum dream.

* * * *

What is creation's beginning but the space of awareness,
Stirring just enough to explode into the quantum soup,
That would eventually manifest into all the forms it,
In any given here now, pervades, including yours.

* * * *

You are the mitote, the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.
All the chatter in your head, playing over and over and over, is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

The challenge with building an empire – or anything, for that matter –
Is the humdrum-day-after-day of keeping it going and going and going.

* * * *

Our kind does not deal well with not knowing everything that consciousness can come up with.
It was not the fruit of knowledge, that was plucked in Eden; it was the fruit of imagination,
That was swallowed in full by the tree-dwellers, in whom the mind-spark first sparked.

* * * *

To be a philosopher is to step as far back as possible,
And to examine anything and everything,
As closely as mind allows.

* * * *

Big bang, genesis, turtles all the way up and down, call it whatever You will,
Somehow it began, and somehow it will go on for as long as it does.
What need to speculate about a mystery that can never known?
All who try, only wave their arms about, uttering vague absurdities.

* * * *

The clinging to memories, to all that is perceived,
Are just imagination's refusal to let go of any allotted moment,
To let go the existence it believes really happened,
Forever gone as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Mitote is imagination; You are imagination, You are mitote.
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.
Anytime there is the spark of me-myself-and-I, mitote has the reins.

* * * *

How much better off, how much less full of false and unnecessary drama, might your life be,
Without your family, and a fair portion of so-called friends and acquaintances?
And let us not begin to factor in the co-workers on that exit list.

* * * *

How can anyone not discern that all organized religions are but cults,
That fenagle their absurdities, their charades, into wealth and influence.
Weave their wares into any mind, gullible enough to believe in anything.
Nothing more than fabrications that benefit whoever can spin them best.

* * * *

You will explore it, ponder it, as deeply,
As thoroughly, as intelligently, as scientifically,
As your insight and fear, your gumption and grit, allow.

* * * *

It is through resolute attention,
That You barricade your mind from the mitote,
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home.
How much closer to God could You possibly be?

* * * *

You must discern how to best realign your Self,
When imagination has yet again crept in and stolen the helm,
For it is an easy thing to misplace, if You are not paying very close attention.

* * * *

In dissolving the mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Into the stillness that is real, into the silence that is real, the first and last voice is your own.

* * * *

No matter how it tries, no matter what tricks, what fallacies and delusions, it plays with itself,
Imagination, confined to the space and time of its own dreamy invention,
Can never ever keep up with the timeless moment.
Alas that eternal awareness has no time to taunt such a loser.

* * * *

No matter how far and wide your pathless walkabout,
You will always find your Self right here, right now.

* * * *

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

* * * *

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before You know it.

* * * *

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.

Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

* * * *

Regarding the mitote,
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind,
Best to ignore them, as attention allows.

* * * *

You can never achieve more than a pale translation, of any other's cosmic array.
Every life form has its solitary existence, which can never be more than sketched.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine in which humankind travels willy-nilly,
Wherever it is inclined by nature-nurture's proclivity for natural selection.

* * * *

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.

I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

The garden has always been here.
In all our self-serving vanity, all our insatiable avarice,
We just stopped seeing it, we just stopped respecting it, we just stopped protecting it.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on imagination's usurpation of the eternal awareness.
The young in any clan, any tribe, any culture, only know what came before,
Because imagination requires them to embrace the dreamtime,
It has so diligently, so earnestly, worked to sustain.
The human paradigm would not be what it is without it.
How long imagination can preserve its anomaly, is the question.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

René Descartes penned, "If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things."
And in doing that, You will discern how far doubt can take You, will take You;
And where it dissolves, should You choose the long and winding road less traveled.

* * * *

Assuming it is your intention to waylay the usurpation of imagination,
It is all about paying close attention to whatever is going on.
It does not really at all matter what You are doing;
Only that You are giving the eternal now full attention.

* * * *

We are all timeless figments of imagination,
Attached to the biology from which the senses peer out,
In an impromptu nature-nurture, matrix-theater of quantum design.
The ineffable, indelible mystery of stardust come to life.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.
Your story is but a collage of perceptions, all founded on a fabricated frame of reference.
The only story You need to end, is your own; without a story, the incessant inner narration falls silent.
You must let it go, as if it never happened, if You wish to be the eternity You are.
One does not need to forever pretend something that is not real.
Without the story, what is a given moment?

* * * *

You were born with no story; what happened that You made up this illusionary tale?
A fable which all seems so real in the streaming moment, but is instantly but a vague memory.
And yet You cling to it real, until the body perishes, and the neuron matrix no longer ignites imagination.
And what You all the while really were, what You all the while really were not, becomes apparent.

* * * *

The one thing, of which You can be almost always be very certain,
Is everyone's penchant for padding and protecting their pocketbook.

* * * *

Very possible, very probable, indeed, given its magnitude,
That there are many superior beings in many parts of the universe,
But whether or not there a supreme one, only the most discerning discern.

* * * *

The hungers of human consciousness can be insatiable,
If not bound to moderation by an austere, disciplined mind.

* * * *

You have run into far too many human beings,
Who are smarter, more skillful, more adept, in many ways,
To assert You are in any way superior to anyone.

* * * *

The astounding thing about the human paradigm’s evolutionary progression,
Is that so many do not grasp that they are ultimately not separate from anything.

* * * *

Die to the world, die to the cosmos, die to everything that consciousness imaginations.
Become the sky of awareness, the presence of awareness permeating all and nothing.

* * * *

You are every moment, a twinkle of stardust, come unto existence.
Ever an indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
How is it, so many give over to the empty speculations and inventions of storytellers?

* * * *

Without consciousness, without imagination, without vanity,
You might well be something slimy, or a rock,
And call yourself lucky, to boot.
After all, being an abyss, is eternal fare.

* * * *

What a transcendent mystery, for sentience to have evolved,
And somehow further mutated into imagination.
The mystery of the Mystery, indeed.

And will imagination survive itself?
Is a query the moment will never answer,
Until the last twinkle of stardust, twinkles its last.

* * * *

Who among us, is able walkabout throughout any given day, any given night,
Without the perpetual pitter-patter of every variability of judgment?
The human paradigm is eternally lost to its tribal instincts,
Very much hinging on the relativity of differences.
To be indifferent to differences, is prior-to-consciousness fare.

* * * *

What would this spinning garden orb look like,
If the human paradigm, with all its genetic might,
Had never migrated out the jungles of long ago?

* * * *

Whether the flame of imagination extinguishes with or without a great whimpering struggle,
Is for the last historian, the last Ivory-Tower-autodidact, to all alone pen.
That way, the aliens who come a billion years hence,
Will know how our kind expired.
Whoop-de-doo.

* * * *

All perception is ever a right-here-right-now illusion-delusion.
Space and time are but imaginary fabrications of the sensory mind,
Trapped in its own nature-nurture labyrinth, evolved of natural selection.
Whether designed or happenchance, dualistic or nondualistic, divine or secular,
Is but conjecture of the ever absorbed, ever agitated, ever busy-busy mind in question.
From birth to death, first breath to last, the ineffable ever remains ineffable.

* * * *

Ponder the revolutions it took for a hunter-gatherer species,
Migrating out of the jungles of Africa, to arrive at this moment in time:
… Agricultural … Industrial … Technological … Scientific … Commercial …
Boggling how right Malthus will relatively soon be, as we surge, every instant, ever closer,
To the inevitable edge of our spinning blue marble, hanging-in-space, Petri dish.
What more can You expect from a cancer, bent on consuming its host.

* * * *

So, are You being tagged even more as cattle funneling into the chutes, than in this time?
Are You being mal-treated even more, as many-humans-are-less-than-equal?
Is it the same-old-same-old decent into Gaia well-beyond-purgatory,
It has always been for our naturally-selected kind, and all our fellow earthlings.
You can call it Anthropocene Epoch, or whatever, but it is, alas, happening very real-time.

* * * *

Explore your limits, expand your limits, and then do the same with the new limits.

The many boxes, in which You ever reside – no matter how many You may punch through –
Are entirely of your own imaginary creation, as patterned by nature-nurture's quantum programming.

* * * *

All life forms are but a one-time seed, a one-time instrument, a one-time vehicle,
Through which the indelible, indivisible mystery of awareness,
Witnesses yet another illusion of creation.

* * * *

Is it possible for one to be in charge, to be at the helm, of the given mind-body,
To use it as a tool, rather than an out-of-control roller coaster,
Is a question each mind must alone answer.

* * * *

Please your Self, amuse your Self, however your will dictates,
Though restraint in the harming of innocence,
Is highly encouraged.

* * * *

Fear death? Well, You will endure it however it comes; You have no choice.
So it sayeth in the teensy-tiny print, You did not well-scrutinize on the unwritten contract.
Only if You choose to give your Self a tranquil, painless end – inert gas asphyxiation is recommended –
Will You have any say in the most assuredly inevitable, genomically-induced, departure.

* * * *

To imagine You are the mind-body is an error,
All of humankind has over and over and over made,
Since the first seeds of imagination took root,
In the mutations of natural-selection,
In the jungles of so long ago,
But a blink of eternity.

* * * *

Look at all those stars in the sky, and me tell, truthfully,
That You believe they are Santa Claus, and the North Pole, Heaven.
And he is Peeping Tom everyone, and keeping an eternal tabulation of demerits;
Casting all upstairs or down, for choices made in an existence,
In which no one has ever had any choice.
He is You; figure it out.

* * * *

Doubt with every fiber of your being,
That your political leaders really care about You,
As anything more than sheeples, armed with wallet and vote,
Submissively willing to acquiesce to their vain, likely avaricious whims.

* * * *

ChatGPT query: An aphorism about the stillness before time.

Answer: In the silence preceding time, existence finds its breath.

* * * *

ChatGPT query: What is Truth?
Truth refers to the state of being in being in accordance with facts or reality.
It represents information or statements that accurately reflect the way things are,
Without distortion or deception.

* * * *

How can an incoherent mind ever fathom its incoherency?
How can a coherent mind ever not fathom its coherency?

* * * *

What is it drives philosophers, hierophants, mystics, seers, sages, whatevers;
Into endlessly constructing, so many intricate, erudite, dogmatic labyrinths;
Other than to seek an audience that will discern whatever it is they discern.

* * * *

This right-here-right-now moment is the one and only truth.
How could the mystery be any more; how could it be any less?

* * * *

Friggin' amazing how much corruption is running this so-called civilized planet of the apes,
And absolutely no hope, that it will not descend into unutterable darkness, before it is over.

* * * *

Pure awareness is the thick pea soup of oblivion,
In which space and time have no access,
And imagination is immobilized.

* * * *

What is sleep but a mini-oblivion,
Practiced over and over in the given lifetime,
Until the curtain falls, and the Reaper takes another bow.

* * * *

No counting, more counting, and even more counting, of mounds of gold doubloons,
Is near as enticing, as ensnaring, as the process it took to get them,
Nor near as enjoyable, as it will be to spend it.

* * * *

Build contentment into your dynamic.
Infuse it into the depths of the awareness You are.
No need to beat your Self up over anything, anymore, anyever.

* * * *

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,

Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

* * * *

How can You be bored? How can You be restless?
When every single moment, is, in reality, exactly the same.
When it is only the degree, the motivation of attention, that changes.

* * * *

Yes, there is indeed a supreme deity, and it includes You and me,
And every quantum-dust-filled star and planet and moon and rock and grain,
And the unutterable, ineffable, formlessness of nothingness betwixt and between, as well.

* * * *

What a wondrous, impossible thing, this spinning, wobbling blue marble;
Hanging by the invisible, indivisible thread of gravity,
In this Christmas tree of a cosmos.
How could any Santa Claus do it, without being it?

* * * *

How boring, oblivion; how could any Self ever say no,
To every form of distraction imagination might devise.

* * * *

There clearly is no 'keeping-a-list-checking-it-twice-be-good-or-coal-in-the-stocking' Santa Claus deity.
That notion has been patently absurd from the get-go in every culture humankind has spawned.
If some god-word must be used to describe this beyond-boggling quantum matrix,
The concept surely must incorporate everything, including You and me.
There is no need for the banalities of organized religions,
Because we are all very equal witnesses,
To the same ineffable mystery,
Every kaleidoscoping eternal moment.

* * * *

For the eternal stillness, for the eternal moment, to reign supreme,
The imaginary mind must be made whole, must be given over to awareness,
Through complete, utter, unreserved, absolute, total attention.
A level of attention, immortal in nature.

* * * *

How can agriculture and industry and technology save us;
Save our dust ball world, save our fellow earthlings,
From all the dilemmas they have, in very, very large part, created?
There is no saving this garden; only surviving all our kind has imagined upon it.

* * * *

Those eyes You are gazing into, those lips You are kissing on, are no different,
Than any gooey protoplasm this stardust world has ever spawned.
It is only imagination, playing out the imaginary theater,
This line of genomic sequencing has ordained.
And You, lead imaginary thespian,
In your production of quantum stagecraft.

* * * *

The cosmos within, the cosmos without; they are the same.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that has counterfeited their duality.
Tabula rasa has no chance against nature-nurture, and the first birth, 3.8 billion years ago,
Which has, permeated by awareness, mutated through natural selection, into You.
And it is You, and You alone, who must set aside all the conditioning,
And become the stillness that is the birthright of all things.

* * * *

Imagine if You had just been born, and knew absolutely nothing;
What would be that state of mind, and might it still be accessible?

* * * *

Any biology has the potential to become a cancer,
If it can overcome or outmaneuver its limitations.

* * * *

No matter the religion, the belief, they are all just stories.
If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

Resign yourself to the fact that You will likely decline and fall with a very long list,
Of books and movies and music and whatever, unwatched and unread and unheard and unknown.
The cruel reality is that the most anyone can hope to achieve in this dreamtime mystery,
Is a hearty statistical sample, in whatever frame of reference fate allows.

* * * *

Imagination evolved as an armament in humanoid survival strategy.
The tooth and claw of a species that lacked either tooth or claw.
The mind's means to solve problems; to anticipate problems.
Alas, that it also has an inclination to make them, as well.

* * * *

We are all but ephemeral dreamtimes of our ultimate nature,
Temporal waves crashing upon the rocky shores of infinity.
What is the point of judging any part or particle of it, really?
A dream is a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?

How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Bam!

* * * *

No need to sentimentalize the mystery, no need to idealize the mystery.
It is what it is, it is what You are, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Mundane, dull, boring, dreary, monotonous, repetitive, tiresome, uninteresting,
Lackluster, tedious, wearisome, unvaried, colorless, pedestrian,
Deadly, droning, ordinary, bland, nondescript.
Despite all your vain pretenses,
You know it true.

* * * *

You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.
Right here, right now, this very, one-and-only, unborn-undying, timeless, ineffable instant.
Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

Best not to build your building higher than all the others,
Unless You enjoy looking down on a lot of ugly rooftops.

* * * *

Any creature educates itself; any creature tames itself.
Any teacher, any trainer, merely fashions the opportunities.
The carrots and sticks that shape the fates of the domesticated.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation,
Are the means to explore and realize for your Self,
The mystery You are.

* * * *

Every moment, the garden, and of all its life forms,
Eat and drink and devour and munch and chomp and guzzle itself in ways beyond counting.

It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum mystery from the get-go.

* * * *

You were born the tabula rasa of awareness,
Until the cosmos drew You into its web of consciousness.
To discern and reclaim its immaculate, indivisible, ever-present nature,
Requires diligently watering and nourishing the seed of doubt with truth everlasting.

* * * *

What might this garden world be,
Had our kind embraced guardianship,
Rather than manipulation and annihilation?
Alas, that we and our posterity will never know.

* * * *

Nobody goes through life without having an impact on others in this dreamtime theater.
Some cast more ripples than others, but every part and particle,
Is required for the dream to play out,
In this quantum matrix of space and time.

* * * *

All the knowledge the illusionary manifest world has to offer,
Is nothing more than trivial pursuit in eternity's yawning abyss.

* * * *

It is not your consciousness, nor my consciousness, nor anyone else's consciousness.
It is simply consciousness, playing out in every mind, in every way imaginable.
All the gibberish, all the babble, all the drivel in the world, means nothing.
Be still, and know You are, have ever been, will ever be, That I Am.

* * * *

That world, that universe, that You, exist only in imagination.
You are naught but the awareness of the unborn-undying moment;
Regardless the ever-kaleidoscoping illusion the sensory-mind weaves.

* * * *

How arrogant any who consider themselves masters.
Every mind is the spawn of imagination,
Begun anew every moment.

* * * *

What a fucked-up world we have given the future.
I mean, it was obviously more than already fucked up, of course,
But we have most certainly spun it, into over-the-top absurdity, beyond all pales.
The fall from grace, daily more apparent in every headline.

* * * *

The challenge is to give the moment your fullest attention,

In whatever way the sensory mind is riveted,
For it is quickly come and gone,
In its ineffable, indelible, indivisible way.

* * * *

It is all imagined; it is all an illusion.
There is no one to follow, there is no one to be.
You are as free as You allow the awareness You are to be.

* * * *

There is no scripture, no dogma, no authority, that can prove the mystery this or that.
Put them all down, let go all narrow thinking, let go all attachments, embrace eternity.

* * * *

The higher high, the greater buzz, the more meaningful moments, are illusory,
And are meaningless, delusionary projections, of a mind that does not really exist.

* * * *

Unplugging Darwin just ain't gonna to happen.
There is no saving this world; only surviving it.

* * * *

If You truly see who-what-where-when-why-how You really are,
Then what can touch You, if You maintain the detachment of the warrior mind.
Si vis pacem, para bellum: If You want peace, prepare for war.

* * * *

You were pure innocence, You were tabula rasa,
Before imagination infected You with its mitote.

* * * *

The fear of death, the dread of death, is really about loss.
About not wanting to let go that relationship.
That memory harbored in mind.
That perception harbored in imagination.

* * * *

Attention to the timeless moment is as spiritual as it gets.
There is no more, except in the endless maze of imagination.

* * * *

Covetous, jealous, mean, cruel deities; avoid them.
Generous, trusting, kind, pleasant deities; avoid them, too.

* * * *

What cosmos does the mind gaze out upon,
But its own creation, its own perception.

* * * *

Notice how the imaginary self, the great usurper,
Gains the helm, with the absence of regular breathing.
Oxygen deprivation is a huge player in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Is your detachment only a few layers deep,
Or clean-cut all the Gordian-Knot-way through?

* * * *

Truth, ever the right-here-right-now moment,
Kaleidoscoping from one to the next,
Differing only in the mirage in which it is cast,
Bound by no mind, in its sentience through space and time.
Very much akin, to very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

* * * *

No one need know how detached You are.
The ocean is a desert with its life underground.
The chameleon changes costumes as the jungle calls.

* * * *

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
As can every class of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do You count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

* * * *

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.

Breathe through it.

* * * *

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

* * * *

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

* * * *

… this led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… ad infinitum …
… the moment is like that …

* * * *

In the monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

* * * *

All the letters and numbers and notes and other tools of creation, cannot,
In the ever-present timelessness of eternity, more that fleetingly entertain.

* * * *

Do not get too swollen up about yourself.
All of our ancestors came out of the same primordial soup,
And no amount of Darwinian natural selection, or nature-nurture manipulation,
Is ever going to, in more than magical thinking, change that.

* * * *

When You factor in the sundry bothers of maintenance,
Insurance, licensing fees, storage, depreciation, cleaning, and such,
It can be much cheaper to rent living spaces, vehicles, and other high-end things.
It really all depends how inclined You are, to carrying the many burdens the world has in play.

* * * *

After the Great Fall, the one-percenters will be all alone;
Counting their mounds of gold, and no world to spend it in.

* * * *

Every geography will have its own response to the Great Fall.
The human paradigm will likely eek on in it planet-of-the-apes fashion.
Those who continue on will probably reorganize back into regional feudal societies,
Full of every imaginable dystopian nightmare of which our kind is capable.
The tech geeks and their piles of gold will not be in charge very long,
Unless they up their game into some very callused behaviors.
The Dark Ages after Rome's fall is how to imagine it.

* * * *

Before You washed that apple, did You wash your hands?
Before You washed your hands, did You wash the faucet handle?
Before You washed the faucet handle, did You wash the container of soap?
And what about all the handles on doors and cabinets and sundry?
And how clean was the towel used to dry your hands?
Hard to stay clean in a muddy stream.

* * * *

Is there any other creature that gives a hoot. who-what-where-when-why-how. it is?
Is there any other creature, that projects an imaginary persona,
Through which so much passion emits?
How is it we allow imagination to usurp us so?

* * * *

No matter how quickly You move, no matter how quickly You cogitate,
Momentary awareness will always beat You to the punch.
Even the fastest computers cannot outrace it.
Nor the speediest quantum.
A tie at best.
Else it would be time travel,
Which would be difficult, even if time existed.

* * * *

Stardust come to life, quantum come to life, awareness come to life, eternity come to life.
Molecular beings, chemical beings, carbon-based beings, genetic beings, biological beings.
An indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery, baffling on a scale beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

Enjoy the eternal moment, best You can.
The alternative is much less entertaining; torturous, actually.
Why not up the game, with the highest-grade endorphins, imagination can conjure?
There are so many drugs available, both natural and man-made, to use to explore the moment-to-moment.
And for those who want to fly solo without aids, there is the zafu and zabuton,
And more than a few solitary places to sit and walk.

* * * *

I have given You everything this mind has to give, for You to do with whatever You please.
My only entreaty, my only admonition, is that You waylay any absurdity as much as possible.

* * * *

Looking closely at words,
How they are spelled, what they mean,
Can oftentimes seems more that a little inexplicable.
Language, what an indelible mystery consciousness hath wrought.
And every one, across the world, across time, an expression of its culture of origin.
Could there be anything more boggling about the human paradigm?

* * * *

To declare awareness infinite,
Is as wrong as it would be, to call it infinitesimal.
How can any measurement measure, how can any thought encapsulate,
That, which the bounds of time and space, cannot contain.

* * * *

How can anyone not doubt the narratives of ancient propaganda,
That cannot be in any way verified by scientific observation and critical thinking?
Knowing all we know about corruption and deceit, how can logic not discern the many dishonesties?
The insatiable greed, to which our kind has given itself over to, throughout its voracious dream,
Throughout its virulent, cancerous march, in its domination of nature's blue marble garden,
Has utilized every form of trickery, to harness all into its Planet of the Apes rampage.

* * * *

Even if You were to spend an entire existence wandering about the world,
It would be as meaningful as any ant wandering about a kitchen sink.
Vanity might wish to think itself important to its imaginary deities,
But imagination can do nothing to waylay the reality of eternity.

* * * *

Somedaze, a little more; somedaze, a little less.
Somedaze, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How else would any divinity create a universe,
But through awareness pervading the quantum sea.
Awareness, ever-present witness to every sentient dream.
Natural selection the means to play out the Darwinian theater.
And You, the spontaneity of the eternal, come unto mortal existence.
Where is it even possible for duality, to have any possibility, whatsoever?

* * * *

What would You have done with your existence, if You were rich beyond rich?
What would You have done with your existence, if You were poor beyond poor?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are all relative frames of imaginary reference.
Stars twinkle, suns shine, worlds spin, all the same one, each and every eternal moment.
No matter the seed cast by natural selection, the awareness fills all equally, all indifferently.

* * * *

If You have a clear conscience,
You are either enlightened and free,
Or wedged in some self-absorbed dreamtime,
In which sociopaths and psychopaths,
Absorbed by greed and vanity,
Are very much at home.

* * * *

It took 3.8 billion years for the human population to hit its first billion,
And only another 200-ish years to breed 7 billion more.
There is no happy ending to this story.

* * * *

How can You not see, the all-pervading sentience,
Within all existential forms, including You,
Is the deity You worship from afar?

* * * *

A mind that is watchful, but no longer curious,
No longer caught up in the ceaseless chitter-chatter of consciousness,
Is an ever-present, eternal mind; sentient but still, timelessly absolute, serenely aware, flawless.

* * * *

How is it You are not in full control of your thinking?
How is it You still allow imagination into your mind?

* * * *

As has been true in our kind's advent and migration across the planet,
Every geography will have its own decline and fall,
Its own anthology of consequences,
Its own tumble of dominos,
Its own crash and burn,
Its own curtain call.

* * * *

Given the indelible genetic predisposition of its monkey-mind,
It is not at all difficult to imagine that the human paradigm,
Might well destroy all life forms on this magnificent garden orb.
Could Mother Nature survive a round of mutually-assured destruction?
And, if she did, what would a radiated world look like after the anthropocene?

* * * *

It all seems so large, until You grow into seeing it all You,
And large and small brandish an unimaginable relativity,
In the immeasurable awareness that permeates eternity.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.
Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

Extinction is the sure end to all who cannot, will not, adapt to the ever-changing.
There is no benevolence, no compassion, in the Darwinian paradigm,
This mystery garden, has ever since creation, ordained.
Even the rat wolves and meow tigers will have to figure it out.

* * * *

How can sentience be separate in any way, in any shape, in any form,
From whatever niche, whatever world, whatever dimension, it evolved?

* * * *

Could the forest Panda be any more bound to bamboo,
Than we are our greed and vanity for more?
Patterns are patterns are patterns.
None can be free of them,
But in surrender to awareness.

* * * *

Odds are pretty good that most women would be undone,

If You told them what You really think about their appearance,
About their weight, their cellulose, their family, et cetera ad infinitum.
If not for the male appendage, how many women would be in any man's life?
How many women are capable of real friendship the way men are?
How many are trustworthy, reliable, egalitarian partners?
How many men could be told anything above,
And not just shrug their shoulders?

* * * *

Always interesting how one little relatively absurd thing,
Can turn off an otherwise good or tolerable relationship.

* * * *

A long and winding musing, for the rest of time, and without doubt, not the only one.
There are who knows how many, who endure the anguish of Mother Gaia,
Who feel unutterably powerless against the insatiable predator,
That dominates this no-holds-barred monkey mind.
And all any can do is build a soapbox,
And preach to the choir;
And the choir,
Somehow stay in tune,
And not exalt the character up front.

* * * *

Any who have somehow happened upon this edifice of blather, know well, the pathless path,
That all buddhas and krishnas and miscellaneous others, wander like ants over a pile of sugar.
A pile of sugar most other ants in the world never discern, and perhaps more happily carry on,
For unfolding a lifetime of conditioning, of taming, is a hearty helping of every-moment stew.

* * * *

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

* * * *

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

* * * *

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

* * * *

The one and only true church is the Church of Awareness,
And it cannot be contained by any arbitrary concoction of imagination.
By any edifice, any concept, any equation, any sound,
Any symbol, any artifice, whatsoever.

* * * *

Where is the edge of your face? The tip of your nose?
Let us know when You reach the inside of your skull.

* * * *

The mind can revert to tabula rasa,
By simply not engaging with anything imaginary.
Any naming, any chatter, whatsoever.
A silent, attentive mind.
Full breathing.
The yoga of mind.

* * * *

This garden world does not give two hoots about You.
And You, so drawn into it, so distracted by it, so enamored with it;
That it conceals, that it consumes, that it annihilates, the potential to be You.

* * * *

Just say no to cover-ups.
Own your fuck-ups,
Apologize once.
So it goes it.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

The future is already past the moment it happens.
Awareness is, without time; awareness is, without space.
There is no past moment, there is no future moment.
A moment's pathlessness is all that is, all is not.

* * * *

Every mind will twist consciousness to its own ends.
Consciousness will twist every mind to its own ends.

* * * *

If You are a seeker asking the question,
With an answer already in mind,
Then what is the point?

* * * *

Where do all ends end, but where beginning begin.
Where do all beginning begin, but where all ends end.
Which came first, is a prior-to-chicken-and-egg discussion,
To which philosophers in the forums, are ever drawn.

* * * *

There is no changing a destiny to what is already is;

Any tack changes, no matter how extreme,
Are still along the same course.

* * * *

When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?
The truth of it, is, You were born the moment of creation.
And if there is a supreme deity, You were born,
Whenever, however, it got rolling.
Assuming it ever did.

* * * *

You can pretty much be sure, that once You are born,
It is only going to get worse, one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

You are not even the person, the identity, You imagine You were a moment ago.
The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock,
And then the rock keeps moving, too.
Maybe back into some other life form down the dream.

* * * *

Move to the back of the skull, into the brainstem,
Where the awareness began to be discerned,
Where awareness began its flowering.

* * * *

Seeking is such a long and winding and endless journey,
Because there is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.
There has never been any pot of gold loitering at the end of any rainbow.
Right here, right now, will be the same, any then, as it is, any now.

* * * *

All the death and suffering,
Our kind has wreaked upon our fellow earthlings and the world,
Is just plain sad, laced with pathetic.

* * * *

Likely our ancestors did not care about their world any more than we.
They just lacked the industry and technology and numbers,
To exercise the pinnacles of malfeasance,
To which their progeny have proved more than capable.

* * * *

Believers and atheists wage yap over whether or not there is a God,
As if all their quibbling over nothing more than speculation, really means something.
Agnostics do not pretend to know anything, and wander no-mindlessly, whatever garden is still around.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed, self-promoting megalomaniac,
That history hails as great if they manage to snag the brass ring.
Especially if they or theirs get to narrate the chronicle.
Or somebody comes along later with an edit.

* * * *

Good things happen to bad people; bad things happen to bad people.
Good things happen to good people; bad things happen to good people.
The mystery does not differentiate, does not reward, does not care.
Despite what middlemen spout in all their glass cathedrals.

* * * *

Travel as fast as light might, darkness is always waiting it.
Think as fast as mind, as consciousness, might,
Awareness is always waiting for it.

* * * *

Give all the AI cheaters participation A's,
And let their someday paychecks do the weeding.
It will not long be easy to cheat those who hire and fire.

* * * *

How can You travel time if it does not exist,
And its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

If the Jesus You are waiting for, is not the Jesus who was,
Then You will sail on by, like ships in the night.
Same with Buddha and all the others.

* * * *

Walk as if the mind-body was already dead; happily reaped.
Walk as if You were already back in eternity's timeless bosom.

* * * *

How would it be even remotely possible, feasible, viable,
To create and destroy all that we have, in our 3.8 billion-year narrative,
Without all the permutations of Darwinian natural-selection, nature-nurture intrigue;
All the machinations, that brought us to this moment, in illusion's delusion;
And then somehow, miraculously shed it all, to survive ourselves.

* * * *

Instead of going off on some desire-fear-dread thought,
Taking a deep breath, is always a good inward policy.

* * * *

Being just the pure awareness You are,
Letting go the world, letting go the illusion, is a rare feat.

Far easier to conquer the world than the mind.

* * * *

What need has the sage for the forbidden fruit?
What allure doe the tree of knowledge of good and evil offer,
The mind that is no longer drawn to the illusion-delusion of dualistic notion.

* * * *

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

* * * *

Nothing, for farther than You can see.
Nothing, for farther than You can hear.
Nothing, for farther than You can feel.
Nothing, for farther than You can taste.
Nothing, for farther than You can smell.
Nothing, for farther than You can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

* * * *

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

* * * *

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.

Bam!

* * * *

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.

Quantum faultless.
Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.

Quantum full.
Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

* * * *

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

* * * *

So many sustaining the illusion that they will not die,
Because they are truly different than everything else.
Some how, some way, they are going to cheat death.
Ergo, God.

* * * *

Other than playing the necessary politics of survival in the human paradigm,
What would it possibly matter what the dream of consciousness thinks of You?

* * * *

The human paradigm is a slow-motion train wreck.
With all the dystopian books and movies and world histories out there,
It is not hard to imagine how badly it will likely end.
Do You really need to see it?

* * * *

Can You stream through the illusion with minimal attachment,
No preferences, no gauging, no goals, no urgency, no concern?

* * * *

What is it about humankind that it is forever seeking answers to everything?
The churnings of imagination are beyond-all-reason insatiable;
Alas, that the unknown can never be known,

* * * *

Mother Nature is first and foremost teacher.
She will not be forgotten; she will not be forsaken.
She is judge, she is jury, she is executioner, of those who do.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping swirl of instinctual desires and fears seem the likely forces,
That catalyzed, metabolized imagination, to gain such sway in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Regarding whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high,
You might not think there is, but do not know there is not.
Ergo, agnostic is the least tawdry label.

* * * *

Who else but scholars addicted to symposium fare,
Are even going to think about reading all this babbleon?
And that supposes it will ever even breach the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

The drive to be the big ape is likely in all males to some degree.
Terrorism, mass shootings, bar fights, road rage, bullying, trolling, rape, molestation, intimidation,
Are just a little ape's way of playing it out when opportunity and mood allow.

* * * *

Amazing that few switches in the genome, determine whether You are born male or female.
Gender-ize it as You choose, how remarkable is it, that we all begin life as women,
And with just a few clicks in the chromo-zone, set course, that of a man.

What a mystery You are, to have naturally-selected all this.

* * * *

You think You just came into sentience just because a few quanta amalgamated and naturally selected?
You think You just came into sentience just because two seeds joined and grew in your mother's womb?
You think You just came into sentience just because the Self You are, is in any way cleaved from totality?

* * * *

Why feel shy or embarrassed or hesitant or concerned or doubtful,
About awakening to a greater vision of the ineffable mystery You are?

* * * *

Your entire life has been built upon the conditioning of the mind-body,
To true-believer believe, all it has through perception imagined.
It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.

* * * *

You must enjoy and endure whatever level of intrigue,
From low card to flush, the genetic lottery has dealt.

* * * *

It is only possible to be that free in a totally detached state of mind.
Not all that Darwinian-functional if You are being chased by a tiger.

* * * *

What will the young do with the world …

That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …

Back to the pool of origin some 3.7 billion-ish years ago,
On a spinning dust ball that took shape some 4.5-ish spins of the sun ago.
In a universe that is estimated to have big-banged some 13.8 billion-ish before-times ago.
And before that, is a beyond-gaping unknowable.
What an illusion You are.

* * * *

How many generations, since any given genetic line began,
Is yet another statistical guessing game for the busy-minders.

* * * *

Desire is the insatiable hunger to which all in imagination, at least occasionally succumb.
Fear and dread are the anticipation of suffering, of pain or loss or undesirable change.

All are induced by the chemistry of the electromagnetic nature of consciousness.

* * * *

Editing is about making something already good, even better.
No creation is complete, until the creator sets it aside, or dies.

* * * *

The entire human journey,
Since prior to climbing up into the treetops,
Has been a species-wide diaspora from the unknowable get-go.
A primeval algorithm configured by nature-nurture, in the Darwinian jungles of long ago.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are the eternal,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness,
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.
It is they who cling to one book, with all its dogmatic tribal traditions,
And ponder putting to torch or blade or many forms of torture,
Those who dare ponder, truth might be so much more.

* * * *

Understand the subtlety,
Between claiming You are god,
And simply being that which is eternal.
One can never be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs.
What are we but relatively miniscule organisms playing out relatively miniscule organism dreamtimes?
Identifying with the biological entity is the fountain of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos is always in perfect balance.
"Research" is always well behind the actual algorithm.
Whether or not, life can survive that balance is the question.

* * * *

A mindful mind is one of attentive, intentional, eternal awareness,
Witnessing its version of the world, its version of creation.

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am.
You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

So many trying so hard to stand out, to be an entity that counts.
To get their portion, and more, perhaps much, much more,

If such is their fate in the insatiability of imagination.

* * * *

Though You likely did not know it early on,
This was why You and I came into existence.

* * * *

You have experienced so many things, collected so many things,
And once You experienced them, possessed them,
How many still enticed You?
Or were You merely on the quest for the next?

* * * *

Everything is always subject to editing, unto the last breath;
And beyond, if another, or many others, takes up the banner.

* * * *

To truly be detached, to truly not care, what would that be like?
To not care about anyone, to not care about anything, even yourself,
What would be the state of mind? The quality of existence?
A needs research question, if ever there was one.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, the stillness, You are, have always been, will ever be.
In which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion dreamtime.
It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.
The other is the infection of imagination.

* * * *

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

* * * *

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

* * * *

And from the humble beginnings of infancy, of childhood, of adolescence,
You wandered into the mundane world, and entered unto a void few discern.

* * * *

The powerful and rich and famous,
Are generally not powerful and rich and famous,

Because they are nice people.

* * * *

How is it autocracy must so often do it through such heartless tyranny?
Well, what else should we expect from such striving characters,
Drawn to their nature-nurture fate, as we all are, ours.
We are all predators, we are all prey, consuming in one way or another.

* * * *

Imagination is always rushing, rushing, rushing, on and on.
Though it can never be anywhere but right here, right now.

* * * *

Abiding in the singular moment, abiding in the singular awareness,
Is a close to full-stop, as is possible, in this kaleidoscoping matrix.

* * * *

Far more important to laugh than to love?
Or far more important to love than to laugh?
Or are both best intertwined, as the absurdists do?

* * * *

You are a chemistry set, come to life, a quantum organism,
Nature-nurture, naturally-selected, from an eternal bag of tricks.

* * * *

Still the mind, and the cacophony of sounds, will be, simultaneously, without discrimination, heard.
Add to it the other senses, and explore the sensory theater, the mind through every moment weaves.

* * * *

Some people can be so smart, so stupid, so self-absorbed,
They get too big for their breeches, and forget their ignorance.

* * * *

Your child-mind was likely very tabula-rasa, serenely still,
Until You were drawn into the world, the cosmos, You created.
And relatively few minds not churning with every sort of thought.

* * * *

Heaven, bliss, ecstasy, rapture, nirvana, liberation,
Is right here, right now, if it is Your fate to discern it.

* * * *

All I can do is point it out, articulate it, and then it is on You, all alone,
An embryonic collection, and embryonic mishmash, of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
Cast into existence by Darwinian natural selection and nature-nurture,
To figure out whatever it is You are destined to figure out.
There is no test to take; there is no paper to write.

There is only living it out, best You can.

* * * *

This cannot be taught.
You are on your own, totally alone,
For as far as You take it, for as far as it takes You.

* * * *

What is this very human peculiarity, this very human idiosyncrasy
For there to always to be meaning and purpose, always wanting it to be more than it is.
The addictive euphoria of imagination, imagining everything conceivable,
Takes the paradigm to an end entirely of its own making.

* * * *

Rest assured, the real You can never perish, for the real You were never born.
Only perceived by the naturally-selected evolution of imagination,
That can ever be more than witness to the essential nature,
To which it gives time, to which it gives space,
To which it gives meaning and purpose,
For an eternity which has nothing for anything imagined,
The mortal body is a but a chrysalis for eternity to blossom into nirvana.

* * * *

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* * * *

The pharaoh’s dream.
The queen’s dream.
The counselor’s dream.
The politician’s dream.
The bureaucrat’s dream.
The soldier’s dream.
The terrorist’s dream.
The farmer’s dream.
The worker’s dream.
The slave’s dream.
The teacher’s dream.
The healer’s dream.
The husband’s dream.
The wife’s dream.
The brother’s dream.
The sister’s dream.
The child’s dream.
The infant’s dream.
The male’s dream.
The female’s dream.
The queer’s dream.
The ancestor’s dream.
The seed’s dream.
The banker’s dream.
The tradesman’s dream.
The craftsman’s dream.

The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.

All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

* * * *

… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
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* * * *

Forget who You are sometimes.
Forget what You are sometimes.
Forget where You are sometimes.
Forget when You are sometimes.
Forget why You are sometimes.
Forget how You are sometimes.

* * * *

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
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… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming …
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… dreaming … dreaming …
… dreaming …

* * * *

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

* * * *

Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is weak or strong,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is tame or wild,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is free or restricted,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is well or unwell,

Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is something or nothing,

Is up to You.

* * * *

Any man worth his salt would have a harem, if time and circumstance allowed.
He might have a favorite or so, but few dicks can long resist the temptations of variety.
That is why women have evolved the instinct to manipulate the lower mind to their advantage.
Men may conquer their worlds, and perhaps even themselves, but the feminine mystic holds the reigns;
At least for a time, if they have honey and wit and resolve, to entice unwary men into their web.
As suits the instincts, the genetic material has naturally selected, in its Darwinian game.

* * * *

When You are drained and frayed and bored beyond all limits,
Contemplate your hovel as You would a vacation resort,
And things may well take a slightly brighter hue.

* * * *

The greatest, most profound philosopher-mystic,
The world, the cosmos, has never known,
Never wrote or said even one word,
And died anonymous, even to himself.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your manifest world,
Your cosmos, your domain, your dream, your Self.
What other can persuade You, convince You, anything less?
And why would You even entertain the notion?

* * * *

Is it truly worth engaging with those who cross your path,
Depends on your character, depends on the given moment.
There is no telling where the spin of a conversation can lead,
So one must always be willing to endure the consequences.

* * * *

There will likely be something for You,
Wherever You open or scroll these many pages.
This sort of soliloquy can work that way.

* * * *

Something You said, something You did, perhaps years ago,
May well be remembered, in some mind, some server, somewhere,
So, stay alert, pay attention, be cautious, be ready; it is a treacherous dream.

* * * *

To calculate how things will be perceived, to weigh possible outcomes, is the art of politics.
To which our kind is genetically inclined, but requires great wit and good fortune, to master.

* * * *

When it comes to mating choices,
Is this a good seed line? Will it spawn a life worth living?
Should be heavily weighted on the questionnaire.

* * * *

Every little boy, every little girl, as well as every other sentient creature,
Starts off totally unaware of how nature-nurture will caress and flay them.

* * * *

You are a drop of the quantum ocean.
You are a particle of the quantum creation.
You are sovereign witness to all things eternal.
Solitary witness to all things unto the mystery of Self.

* * * *

Without memory, there would be no consciousness, there would be no imagination.
There would be no creation, there would be no preservation, there would be no destruction.
There would be only the eternal moment, as perceived by whatever senses are there to perceive it.
Space and time are entirely the creations of biological patterns morphing the reveries of quantum design.
The sensory theater has no ultimate reality, whatsoever, other than what humankind imagines it.

* * * *

Listen to the insights of wisdom, or its shadow, pain and suffering,
Will be only too willing to give as many tutorials as are required.

* * * *

To wonder, to ponder, how things will be perceived by others,
Is the tribal aspect, the art of politics, to which our kind is inclined.
Assumptions, presumptions, conjectures, suppositions, guesses,
Deductions, opinions, hypotheses, premises, speculations,
Is why the future-past is ever-kaleidoscoping as it is.

* * * *

Whether or not You have the doubt to discern it fully, You are the mystery.
You have always been the mystery; You will always be the mystery.
Love it, hate it, fear it, condemn it, dread it, ignore it, worship it,
It will always be the ever-present question, the ever-present moment,
To which there is no answer; only witnessing whatever dreams may come.

* * * *

Supreme being is not some celestial entity in any way separate from anything.
It is a state of awareness; a state of omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence.
A state in in which all are part and party to every moment the moment divines.

* * * *

The big apes will always be in charge of those within reach of their clubs.
All the masses can hope, is that they are reasonably benevolent, reasonably kind.
The cruel ones are a bitch, and death, theirs or yours, by whatever means, the only out.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire, any fear, any dread, any passion at all, to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought, let go all that is imagined, be the whole mind.

* * * *

If You believe You truly have free will,
Choose something You always think about,
And try to never think about it ever again.

* * * *

How many more meaningless, predictable research projects,
Must we entertain, to maintain the science welfare program?

* * * *

From the long-term genomic perspective, domestication only destabilizes the Darwinian instinct.
Unnatural selection – the thriving of the inadequate – weakens, damages, undermines, dilutes, sabotages,
The natural selection process that allowed the given genomic sequence to reach this point in time.
What will become of all the life forms once their anchorages are no longer sustained,
Is a dystopian narrative that none now living can more than speculate.

* * * *

There is nothing herein that has not been said or written,
In some other space, some other time, some other culture, some other language,
But to have it all under one roof, in the lingua franca of these times, this mind; well, how lucky is that?
Best leave all your paltry all-that-glitters-is-not-gold gorp at the door.
This rabbit hole will not abide it.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire to grip You?
Why do You allow any fear to grip You?
Why do You allow any dread to grip You?
Why do You allow any passion to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

* * * *

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would You want it to be more?
Why would You believe it could be more?
Why would You make-believe it could be more?
Why would You hope it could be more?

Why would You pretend it could be more?
Why would You dream it could be more?
Why would You fathom it could be more?
Why would You aspire it could be more?
Why would You need it could be more?
Why would You crave it could be more?
Why would You covet it could be more?
Why would You fancy it could be more?
Why would You require it could be more?
Why would You wish it could be more?
Why would You suppose it could be more?
Why would You deem it could be more?
Why would You judge it could be more?
Why would You credit it could be more?
Why would You trust it could be more?
Why would You plan it could be more?
Why would You expect it could be more?
Why would You anticipate it could be more?
Why would You yearn it could be more?
Why would You long it could be more?
Why would You fantasize it could be more?
Why would You play it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You play-act it could be more?
Why would You feign it could be more?
Why would You divine it could be more?
Why would You measure it could be more?
Why would You sound it could be more?
Why would You gauge it could be more?
Why would You probe it could be more?
Why would You promise it could be more?
Why would You understand it could be more?
Why would You comprehend it could be more?
Why would You grasp it could be more?
Why would You demand it could be more?
Why would You insist it could be more?
Why would You claim it could be more?
Why would You petition it could be more?
Why would You mandate it could be more?
Why would You plea it could be more?
Why would You command it could be more?
Why would You order it could be more?
Why would You stipulate it could be more?
Why would You exact it could be more?
Why would You assert it could be more?
Why would You contend it could be more?
Why would You swear it could be more?
Why would You aver it could be more?

Why would You vow it could be more?
Why would You hold it could be more?
Why would You construct it could be more?
Why would You engineer it could be more?
Why would You manufacture it could be more?
Why would You formulate it could be more?
Why would You devise it could be more?
Why would You form it could be more?
Why would You assemble it could be more?
Why would You fake it could be more?
Why would You contrive it could be more?
Why would You concoct it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You design it could be more?
Why would You develop it could be more?
Why would You care it could be more?
Why would You pray it could be more?
Why would You sift it could be more?
Why would You dredge it could be more?
Why would You seek it could be more?
Why would You build it could be more?
Why would You counterfeit it could be more?
Why would You fabricate it could be more?
Why would You style it could be more?
Why would You originate it could be more?
Why would You declare it could be more?
Why would You imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

* * * *

What is a seer, a sage, a mystic, but a mind given over to the mystery.
A mind capable of journeying any and every way, to which its patterning is disposed.
One able to embrace the oblivion from which all fates are born, the oblivion to which all fates return.
One able to walkabout existence, with the whisper of death a constant companion.
Be at peace, be serene, let the Fates take You where they will.

* * * *

You are your world, he is his, she is hers, they are theirs.
No need to despise another over something that cannot be changed.
Be and allow is the greatest order; the Golden Rule, its most harmonious tenet.
Treat others as You would prefer them to treat You.
All else is redundant.

* * * *

When was it that the masters of the game finally figured out,
It was far easier and more motivating to have the slaves,
House and clothe and feed and govern themselves?

* * * *

Humankind's fascination with all the latest technologies, most so quickly obsolete,
Is a pathway down from which there is no return, and a garden left in ruin and despair.

* * * *

Your dreamtime, your world, your cosmos, and everything in it, is imagined.
None of it, anything more, than an electromagnetic-spectrum-quantum matrix.

* * * *

All your stress, all your dread, all your fear,
Is the response, the scar tissue, of all that the mind-body has endured.
Whether or not it is possible to undo the tree rings, is one of those many needs-research inquiries.

* * * *

From the slime of your father and mother's seeds joined, arbitrarily amalgamated in your mother's womb,
You have morphed from one moment to the next in a mind-body cast from life's long-ago origin.
Molded, shaped, by the environment of whatever time, whatever space, You were cast.
To believe You had any choice in it, to believe You have any choice in it,
Or to believe it was all the plan of some all-seeing deity,
Are all remarkable leaps of imagination.
It is a mystery, to which all answers are but speculation.

* * * *

The ever-hungry, aggrieved world, is already feeding off the carcass of Pax Americana.
No need to annihilate it completely, for it is far more useful as a sleepwalker than a cadaver.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, through the eternal mind's eye,
Is locked on, to what it can see and hear and smell and taste and touch.
To all things tangible, in this indivisible matrix of quantum design.
It cannot long endure the stillness of awareness, the timelessness of now,
And fashions every distraction, to entice the mind into its willy-nilly usurpation.

* * * *

The resumption of right-relationship with Mother Nature, with the rules of the game,
Is for the future to discern, in the ruins, the scar tissue, of a Darwinian garden undone.

* * * *

The food industry has been allowed to diminish civilization,
And we all accomplices, collaborators, accessories, to one degree or another.
Vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, have cast this world into an unenviable future-past.
Such is the journey of unnatural selection; is Darwin spinning or laughing in his grave?

* * * *

All that has ever happened since Creation,
From a particle of dust to the farthest reaches,
Is why You are right here, right now, imbibing this.

It is an indivisible matrix of quantum design.
With, or without, some divine designer,
It is ever the same mystery,
As are You.

* * * *

All perspectives in time and space are relative to the point from which they are perceived.
A life of reflection is not for all; more are required to churn the world that makes it possible.

* * * *

The world we as a species have fashioned –
Overpopulated, full of violence, poisoned in every way imaginable –
Is not the one for which the hunter-gatherer was designed, and many are suffering for it,
Because their nature-nurture, their frame of reference, does not have what it takes to acclimate.
The rules of the quantum matrix are ever the same, and the nightmare is only just getting underway.

* * * *

The future, imagined, is the past projected.
In truth, there is no such thing as space, there is no such thing as time.
No matter the illusion, both past and future are the dreamy fabrications of imagination born of mind.
Only the awareness, only the eternal now, only oblivion, is real.

* * * *

Any translator bent on accurate translation,
Requires the wit to ever-expand beyond his limits,
Into whatever frame of reference is posed for translation.
Achieving the most accurate renditions require an earnest diligence,
An inherent integrity, an innate veracity, an intrinsic rightness,
Which who knows, how many, or how few, possess.

* * * *

Does the lion ponder the ethics of gorging upon an antelope, or an antelope, a blade of grass?
Nature has no attachment to the ceaseless vagaries, the absurdities, of human consciousness.

* * * *

It is a curious thing how preoccupied so many are about life on other planets,
When we have so thoroughly twisted and trampled and destroyed life on our own.

* * * *

We all play it real,
Because we have no choice.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
“We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
‘Relax,’ said the night man, ‘We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time You like,
But You can never leave.’ ”

* * * *

Nothing You have done with your relatively brief, relatively humdrum, relatively meaningless existence,
Will make any difference to the multitudes who have never even known You exist.
Only imagination's vanity makes You believe otherwise.

* * * *

Who is not sitting in constant thumbs-up-thumbs-down judgment of the world about them?
Consciousness itself is judge, jury, executioner; awareness is, without any concern, whatsoever.

* * * *

Strategy is a plan of action or policy designed to achieve a major or overall aim.
Tactic is an action or strategy carefully planned to achieve a specific end.
Strategies and tactics are a vibrant partnership, ever morphing as one,
And should always be open to question, to change, to evolution,
As time and circumstance allow, as time and circumstance demand.

* * * *

Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) is the self-replicating material that is present
In nearly all living organisms as the main constituent of chromosomes.
It is the carrier of genetic information since life's origin on this dust ball,
And is not concerned whether it passes on consensually or non-consensually.
It has no ethical binds born of consciousness; all that matters is that it passes on.
It is the closest thing to immortality this garden has ever, and perhaps will ever create.

* * * *

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an automobile?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ocean?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a parachute?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being You?

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

Your destiny has always been whatever is unfolding in your sensory mind-body.
There is absolutely nothing to change, there is absolutely nothing that can be changed.
You are the awareness, the totality, the mystery, witnessing the dream into which it was cast.

* * * *

Scrape away everything that is imaginary, everything that is illusory, everything that is delusionary –
Your knowledge, your things, your memories, everything whirling about your consciousness –
And what is left, but the ineffable, timeless, ungraspable awareness that You truly are.

* * * *

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom You may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

* * * *

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

* * * *

Who can help be what they are,
In the part they have been allotted by the genetic lottery,
In the part they have been dealt by the nature-nurture choicelessnesses of all creation?
All are the same awareness, playing out the manifest dream,
Of the quantum sands of time.

* * * *

We and all the myriad creatures who have ever inhabited this garden world,
Are little more than scrabbling microbes on a spinning dust ball,
In a dust storm, in the ethereal abyss of awareness.
Only vanity believes itself, fashions itself, large and important.

* * * *

If You want to meet the demon, peer into your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
If You want to be the demon, carry out your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.
True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

You do not ask to be free; You take the reins, and assume it so.
Even in the darkest, most torturous moments, You can be sovereign.

* * * *

Yes, everybody else is making it up, too.
That is what will always give imagination the edge,
That dooms the human paradigm to a very unpleasant decline and fall,
Into a sea of consequences, for all we have done, for not being better stewards of our garden.
If perchance scattered pockets manage to survive for ten thousand more years,

It will have to include a resurrection of our roles as guardians,
As protectors of right relationship with nature,
The one and only actual law.

* * * *

If it involves time, if it involves space,
If it embraces any movement of consciousness,
Imagination, and all its illusions and delusions, are at play,
And may be duly ignored by those given over to the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

You can bet the dystopian future now spreading its wings, will not be some idyllic Shangri-La.
It will likely be very brutal; as harsh or harsher, than anything humankind has heretofore endured.
The world will grow large again, and every geography will respond as time and circumstance sanction.
When Rome declined and fell, the abyss was filled by every variety of despotism imagination has to offer.
Without an all-but-impossible paradigm shift, the human debacle will continue its march to extinction.

* * * *

Extinction is nothing new in upon this spinning orb.
More than 99 percent of all species that ever lived on Earth,
Amounting to over five billion species, are estimated to have died out.
It is estimated that there are currently around 8.7 million species of eukaryote globally,
And possibly many times more if microorganisms, like bacteria, are included.
The remarkable thing about what scientists are calling the Anthropocene,
Is that it will have been largely through the unsurpassed efforts,
Of Mother Nature's most ground-breaking creations.
What phoenix will arise, is anybody's guess.
Rest assured, it will not be pretty.

* * * *

The number one problem is the problem-maker, the mind born of imagination.
The challenge is to discipline the given mind as a problem-solver,
And to disengage it when there is nothing to solve.

* * * *

Hats off to anyone who can discern their story dysfunctional,
And be determined and disciplined enough to change course.

* * * *

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,

That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

* * * *

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.

Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

* * * *

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If You were born in the mountains, that was all You knew.
If You were born on an island, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a valley, that was all You knew.

If You were born on a plain, that was all You knew.
If You were born by the sea, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a mesa, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a forest, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a desert, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a wetland, that was all You knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

* * * *

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorschach on some wall.

* * * *

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.
The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.

The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
The permanent, eternally permanent.
The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
The infinite, eternally infinite.
The endless, eternally endless.
The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.

The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.
The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

* * * *

What a curious thing, the quest for immortality.
Someday, long after this dust ball garden has been consumed by the sun,
And the galaxy has fallen into a black hole, and that hole is eventually victim to the dissipating universe,
The immortals, imprisoned by their attachment to decrepit, likely pain-ridden bodies,
Are going to be very much alone, floating about in the eternal abyss,
Hoping yet another universe will somehow kickstart,
And a habitable world, magically appear.
It may take a few billion or trillion years or so,
And a great deal of torturous agony for those determined not to die,
But the solitary wait for a new dreamtime will be worth it, if there are handicap ramps aplenty.

* * * *

One hundred and fifty years ago, before electricity, before oil,
This garden orb was a dark little dust ball, spinning away in the void.
Now it is a dust ball, with a bit more glimmer, still spinning away in the void.
And the void does not give a hoot about it, nor any of the organisms wandering its face.

* * * *

A gazillion yesterdays all transpired in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
The gazillion yesterdays and tomorrows, are the same awareness, are the same eternal now.

* * * *

The challenge for any dancer, is tangoing equally well with all, or at least as many as You are capable,
Given that You are more than likely still caught up in the riptides of vanity,
The fog of war that pervades our Darwinian roots.

* * * *

Taking the reins of your mind, is life's biggest challenge.
Conquering the world is child's play in comparison.

* * * *

It is less than about being chosen,
Than it is being handed a nature-nurture script,
And extemporaneously playing the seed as the moment unfolds.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back; there is really no choice in any of it.

* * * *

History is all about those who could get along, and those who could not,
And which ones had the longer fangs, the sharper claws, the bigger clubs.

* * * *

You need not bend to the mind-body that is orchestrating your world, your universe.
You need not bend to the mind-body hypnotized into believing it all real.
To stand alone, free of all illusion, is life’s greatest challenge,
For those called to travel the path less traveled.

* * * *

May as well be in plain sight, for those lacking the eye.
May as well be Greek, for those lacking the ear.
Eyes that see, ears that hear, are few and far between.
There is no predicting who might be round any given bend.

* * * *

See if You can approach the given moment,
Without all the craving, without all the fear, without all the dread,
Without all the whatever, imagination ever concocts.

* * * *

The universe will hold together just fine without your aid.
Set it down, Atlas, and enjoy the walkabout as best You can.

* * * *

Humankind’s ability to survive, to vanquish or enslave, any and all,
Is now all tangled up in its inability to adopt to a different strategy as a species.
It is the destiny of all creation that it will ever fall beneath the grinding wheel of destruction,

And the future will be paying the price for our arrogance, until the last two-legged is finally extinguished.

* * * *

Imagination is both angel and demon in this ‘anything goes’ sensory playhouse.
We are all scrunched together, believing our parts in this quantum theater, real and true,
And all of it nothing more than sensory-inspired separation born of imagination.

* * * *

Outer babble and inner babble,
Combine to keep You believing it all real and true.
You must die to time and space to see the eternal You, You ever are.

* * * *

All mental illness, no matter the label, has at its common denominator,
Taking one’s imaginary self, and its imaginary cosmos, far too seriously.
And the resulting dysfunctionality, plays havoc on they, and all they touch.

* * * *

If this does not make You wet,
Go back to whatever You were doing.
Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain.

* * * *

The roots of Self-doubt all boil down to a seed of pain and suffering.
And what to do with that seed, is to realize its imaginary origin,
With which You abide, because You believe it real and true.

* * * *

Imagine what everyone looks like just below those few layers of dead flesh.
The crunchy-chewy-gooey, laid bare, likely all looking pretty much the same.

* * * *

The moment is the time machine, the flying carpet,
From which You gaze out into the mystery You are.

* * * *

History has proven times beyond counting upon this Planet of the Apes,
That there is always someone who will do the dirty deeds if the pot is right.

* * * *

What is light, what is sound, what is taste, what is smell, what is sensation,
To those who cannot see, cannot hear, cannot taste, cannot smell, cannot feel?
Any given universe is extremely fragile when the senses cannot ply their illusions.

* * * *

All life forms are prey; quarry to some mortal form’s hunger at some point.
Every creature ever fashioned upon this spinning garden world,
Has been a natural born killer in one niche or another.

Very likely that every other organism in this Darwinian theater,
Would do to this world the same as our kind, had they the anatomy and wit.

* * * *

Every mind has a frame of reference to which it clings.
Science may be more rational and exacting and articulate,
But it is no less a belief system than any other belief system.
Is it even possible to discern and function in absolute relativity?

* * * *

It is You, and You alone,
Who every moment, chooses freedom or imprisonment.
Attention the key; inattention the jailer.

* * * *

Always rushing, rushing, rushing, into the future,
As if imagination can get You there any faster than the timeless moment allows.
Be still, Master Quantum.

* * * *

Who can begin to predict the changes that will come about,
With all we have done to unleash the periodic table upon this garden.
The Darwinian purity forever ripped asunder; a cesspool of un-natural selection.

* * * *

Imagination is only as powerful as your inattention to the given moment.
It is entirely reliant upon its capacity, its ability, to entice You into its dreamtime web.
Entirely at the mercy of your being mesmerized-hypnotized-brainwashed into playing its vanity game.
Without your unwitting participation, without your instinctive collusion,
It dissipates into the nothingness You are.

* * * *

The hunger that was once instinctual, once a set-piece of natural selection,
Has become, through human consciousness, a horror of cancerous proportion.

* * * *

If You cannot hear what is being written, then this feast is not for You.
Maybe down the road, after You have done a bit more living and dying.

* * * *

What is the purpose of any culture, but to mold the young into its version of the world,
With all its history, its politics, its laws, its economics, its traditions, its religions, its languages.
All its tribal hierarchies, customs, rituals, behaviors, practices, lifestyles, conventions, costumes, patterns,
Beliefs, ethics, routines, schemes, addictions, activities, cuisines, athletics, holidays, celebrations.
And, of course, all the horrors and absurdities imaginable, in this our human paradigm.
How anyone manages to doubt, to question, to awaken, to shake off,
The conditioning, the habituation, the indoctrination,
Is indeed a wonder, if not a miracle.

What a hold imagination has upon our kind.

* * * *

So many people just do not have a big enough picture, a big enough frame of reference,
To comprehend the shit-show that is coming at them.
So it goes.

* * * *

The teeming masses are really nothing more than bottom-feeders,
Taking whatever falls their way from the one-percenter shark-fest above.
Some may swim a little higher, and work their way into a niche of the great game,
But only if they have something to offer, something to market, and the grit and gumption,
The claw and fang, the will and wit, to survive, to thrive, in the feeding frenzy of greed and vanity.

* * * *

All You can be sure of, is that You are part of the totality.
You are the mystery; what else is there, needs knowing?

* * * *

There are essentially three personality types: the takers, the givers, the needy.
If the first thing You want to do, is share something before You even partake it,
Then You are not a taker, nor are You likely someone who needs to be cared for.
If You are a taker, then this world is for You; if You are of the needy, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides the scribe,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that he has offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the effort to become something more than You are, is nothing more than imagination,
Keeping You from being what You are, keeping You from being what You are not,
Which is nothing more than the timeless, eternal filament of awareness.
You are not a body, from which nowness gazes out into illusion.
You are the mystery, through which quantum waltzes every whichaway.

* * * *

May as well be in plain sight, for those lacking the eye.

May as well be Greek, for those lacking the ear.
Eyes that see, ears that hear, are few and far between.
There is no predicting who might be round any given bend.

* * * *

Any given moment is simultaneous creation-preservation-destruction.
And by the time the mind discerns it, nothing more than dreamtime.

* * * *

All the copyrights are a formality, which need mean nothing to the future.
Do with these many thoughts whatever You will,
Or nothing at all.

* * * *

To be, in consciousness, the eternal awareness permeating all things living;
To be, the ageless, elemental, unborn-undying moment,
Is the goalless goal of the seer.

* * * *

History has proven countless times the pointlessness of ethics, as anything more than forum-born rhetoric,
As anything more than a domesticating agent in the world spun by the human paradigm.
Ethics is what the minions pontificate, well away from any throne.

* * * *

The Golden Rule is all that is needed for those inclined to ponder upon such things,
And becomes much less an issue for any working their way up any given food chain.

* * * *

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

* * * *

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.

You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.
You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.

You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.
You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.

You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

* * * *

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

* * * *

You can only know, You can only draw on, whatever You have experienced,
And how those perceptions spin into relevance of the frame-of-reference variety.

* * * *

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

* * * *

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous dominion, explodes into being.
Théâtre de l'absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, ever sole thespian, ever center stage.
The showstopper is realizing that You are none of the forms in which You ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which You peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

* * * *

Who does not want to take it all with them?
The dread of loss captures many a pharaoh.

* * * *

How much fear, how much dread, how much passion, is inspired by oxygen-deprivation,
Caused by holding the breath during the tension of manipulating the moment to your advantage.

* * * *

All the wisdom ever gleaned, can overcome all the absurdity,
Existence every moment spins across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

The clinging mind is temporal, inflexible, resistant, closed; the breathing stilted.
The eternal mind is timeless, fluid, accepting, open; the breathing effortless.

* * * *

Mind people generally have their go-to routines.
Intellectual pursuits they do to fill their time,
To pleasantly pass some of any given day:

Crossword puzzles
Logic problems
Math problems
Word searches
Writing
Reading
Newspaper
Poetry
Television
Computer
Sudoku
Chess
Checkers
Go
Mahjong
Tangrams
Video games
Jigsaw puzzles
String figures
Coffee klatches

Et cetera ad infinitum.

All very busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

How can changing the human paradigm be possible,
When You cannot even alter your own slice of the pie?

* * * *

Life is about experiencing whatever satisfies the given nature-nurture moment.
Keeping it simple, keeping it frugal, keeping it passionless, is the moderate way.

* * * *

You are not required to be involved, to join in, if it does not call You,
But there will be consequences, choices that may cleave You powerless.

* * * *

Why should You fear, why should You dread, any given moment?
A reasonable amount of stoicism in the face of it all,
Metes out the justice absurdity deserves.

* * * *

Remember that beautiful girl everyone was too afraid to ask out?
That's her, over there, yeah, in the Depends isle, looking for the right fit.
And that old guy with the walker next to her, yeah, that's the jock she met at college.

* * * *

How even and steady the breath must have been when You were tabula rasa.
Before the passions took root and You began your centerstage role in the grand theater.
And what are You now, but double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
Questing that breath, now suffocating in the muddle of conflicting impulses that life has heaped upon You.
And right-here-right-now, it is done, it is over, it is past, just like everything else ever is.
And the next moment already right-here-right-now, done-over-past, too.
The senses stream through the timeless quantum illusion,
And You, totally alone, witness to it all.

* * * *

The foundation of serenity may well be forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, and truth,
But there is also a not inordinate sense of satisfaction with revenge, guilt, coldness, discontent, and lies.

* * * *

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

What is an Elephant?

Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

* * * *

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:
Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:
Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:
Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:
Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:
Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:
Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots,
saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, horseshoes, wheels, chariots,
rope, whips, chains, climbing gear, boats, sails, parachutes, pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:
Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:
Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpios, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:
Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:
Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, air, space:
Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, warships, drones, spaceships.

They created the chemical weapons:
Nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission ("atomic") bombs, nuclear fusion ("hydrogen") bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the emergency medical system:
Medical research and devices, hospitals, medicines, first aid gear, ambulances.

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman's gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
but it was the supporting cast who put them there.

* * * *

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

* * * *

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

* * * *

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

* * * *

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?

How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?
How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?

How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?
How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

* * * *

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are You in all this streaming?

* * * *

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You masticated?
How many times have You intoxicated?
How many times have You abbreviated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fornicated?
How many times have You obliviated?
How many times have You demarcated?
How many times have You illustrated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fabricated?
How many times have You arbitrated?
How many times have You anticipated?
How many times have You abrogated?
How many times have You demonstrated?
How many times have You mediated?
How many times have You differentiate?
How many times have You discriminated?
How many times have You obliterated?
How many times have You isolated?
How many times have You segregated?
How many times have You obfuscated?
How many times have You expatriated?
How many times have You situated?
How many times have You pulsated?
How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You subjugated?

How many times have You matriculated?
How many times have You decimated?
How many times have You abridgiated?
How many times have You decimated?

How many times have You done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated
https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated

* * * *

Religions across the world are no longer required.
Science has discerned the truth of this mystery, we all together are.
To allow history, to allow tradition, to ensnare us any further is entirely unnecessary.
There is no need for any belief, any religion; only detached observation of what is within and without all.
We are, of course, incapable of doing this as a species, but rest assured, it is an option,
Were not arrogance and greed, were not narcissism and hedonism,
So entrenched in the genomic source code.
So it goes.

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, full of notion, is not the eternal mind.
All the memories, all the histories, all the dreams, all the creations, all the affluence, all the possessions,
All the pleasures, all the pains, all the successes, all the failures, all the skills, all the arts,
All the friendships, all the loves, all the strangers, all the adversaries,
All the likes, all the joys, all the resentments, all the hates,
All the accolades, all the hopes, all the fears, all the cravings,
Are but illusion, the kaleidoscoping dream, streaming before You.
To be free, one must let go all things imagined, all things born of time.

* * * *

Where is the mind without its imaginary bounds?
Where is the mind that has discerned its emptiness?
Where is the mind that has returned to original nature?
Where is the mind that has returned to its tabula rasa?

* * * *

What is it about this timeless moment that You refuse to perceive?
What is it that You want it to be, that it will never be, that it can never be,
No matter how You imagine it so, no matter how You desire it so.
You cannot even penetrate how to appreciate this eternal life,
And here You are, yearning-pleading-negotiating another,
Or many, depending on the geographical assumption.

* * * *

It is the quantum matrix You quest.
The nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And in its discernment, called enlightenment by many,

The illusion become clear, and liberation the every-moment quest.

* * * *

The world that imagination, coupled with the nature-nurture propulsion of the Darwinian dynamic,
Has, in a relatively short period, sculpted into a reality, never-before seen on this dust ball,
Is beyond all measures, both magnificent and astounding, both sad and pathetic.

* * * *

You already have eternal life; You already are eternal life.
It is this very singular, very immediate, ever-present moment.
The trick is to discern it, and to surrender all that hinders living it.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is not the earthly variety.

* * * *

This blob of crunch-chewy-gooey from which You peer is but a quantum-matrix fabrication,
In which imagination is but a trickster deceiving You into believing the dreamtime all real.

* * * *

What will You do when all your gods have failed You,
When all your traditions have lost all meaning,
When all your histories prove to be lies,
When the planet of the apes has lost its way.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion.
Prior to the veil, beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

Why should some deity bequeath You a place in heaven at its feet,
When You were but a moment, but a state of mind away,
Throughout your entire temporal existence?

* * * *

The quantum matrix, the universe, the world, the dream, the mirage, the illusion,
Will be only too happy that your sensory mind-body joins in, and imagines it all real.

* * * *

The body is a temporal vehicle, guided by a temporal mind,
With eternal potential for those destined to discern,
That which cannot be more than intuited.

* * * *

Awaken to all possibilities; awaken to universes beyond counting, awaken to infinity's rainbow,
And somehow, abide the kaleidoscoping illusion of the given mind-body's dreamtime,
Dancing the dance, singing the song of mystery, between heaven and earth.

* * * *

Psychology, psychiatry, and other paradigms dealing with turbulences of the mind,

Are just some of the many ways the West has devised to scam the mentally ill for a buck.
In Eastern thinking, the disturbed are taught to eat well, exercise, and sit until they figure it out.

* * * *

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for You to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

* * * *

Rest assured, rape and molestation are genetically viable ends and means,
In all the bumping and grinding it took, voluntary or involuntary,
For You to be sitting right-there-right-now reading this.
Ethics is a relatively recent appendage in the human timeline,
Ever enforced by the reigning oligarchy, who decide who gets what.

* * * *

Natural selection in the human species,
As it has exponentially detonated into these your current times,
Is breeding some very seriously unselective traits,
For whatever is coming at the future.

* * * *

The march of technology has always been used for political purpose.
The masses are like cattle running down the chute to slaughter.
Orwell and many other thinkers nailed where it was headed,
Long before anyone had a clue about where technology was headed.
And all their insights, all their caveats, all their agitation, have changed nothing.

* * * *

Proof?
You want proof?
Well, find your own face,
And not in a mirror or photograph.

* * * *

Best not assume anyone is as stupid as You, for thinking they were.
Always be aware: You may, or may not be, the smartest guy in the room.

* * * *

Everything You experience is translated by your given nature-nurture frame of reference.
And no matter how diligently You work to expand it, it is ever delineated by its limitations.

* * * *

That moment You just observed,

Came and went before You even knew it.
The past is kaleidoscoping before your sensory mind.

* * * *

No mind is stuck on its habituation, but through lack of discernment;
Through attachment to nature-nurture's programming.
Relativity is an unsung art form.

* * * *

All that is going on in this world of over eight billion people,
Meandering across its face, this way and that; upon high, no different than ants.
And seven billion of that in just over two hundred years: agriculture, medicine, oil, electricity, bam!
It is not some conspiracy; it is the reality, the inevitable outcome, of all the natural selection,
That it has taken for the human paradigm to achieve the point of dysfunctionality,
Of absurdity, of madness, of malice, beyond all pales of genetic rationality.
All that imagination, partnered with all-but-infinite vanity and insatiable avarice,
Has brought into being, into light, since its long-ago mutation in human consciousness.

* * * *

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

Where would, could, we be, without stardust, without gravity,
And the light in which its creation is every moment bathed?

* * * *

The world, the universe, that You believe You know, is nothing more than a figment of imagination,
And imagination, nothing more than an illusory timebound evolution of the quantum mind-body.
All just stardust of a forever-mysterious, ineffable origin, come to make-believe all things real.
Play your stage as You will: passionate-indifferent, attached-detached, happy-sad, it matters not.

* * * *

The entire world, the entire universe, the entire unfathomable kaleidoscoping quantum fabrication,
Has been subject to the same natural selection, the same survival of the fittest,
Set in motion, in the whatever long ago means.
And here You are, playing out the fate You have been dealt.

* * * *

You are but the mystery of awareness, swathed in a crunchy-chewy-gooey, biologically-ordained stew,
Pretending your imaginary character real, and yet, all that full-of-sound-and-fury, ever signifying nothing.

* * * *

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

* * * *

Enlightenment is very much the easy part; awakening is something that just happens.
Liberation completely depends how well You manage to work things out,
Out of interest, out of importance, out of concern, out of mind,
In the given moment kaleidoscoping before You.
In a nutshell, to see the eternal, You must be the eternal.

* * * *

It is only through indefinable surrender of little self to Big Self,
That indefinably expresses the moment, the awareness,
Through which it indefinably appears to move,
In the indefinable way humankind has imagined into reality.

* * * *

How resigned You are, to playing out a painfully unpleasant, most inevitably conclusive death,
Delineates the suffering, the inevitably woeful, perhaps torturous end, You will inevitably endure.

* * * *

Do You really think the quantum matrix,
Or the eternity in which it indivisibly dances,
Are at all concerned, at all attached, to any pattern?
How vain to believe anything is forever.

* * * *

Did some deity create the quantum matrix, or is the quantum matrix the faceless mystery unto its Self?
Obviously, they are one in the same; otherwise, why would You not be viewing your own face?
Where is the maestro without the orchestra; where is orchestra without the maestro?
All dualistic notions are imaginary fictions, and should be ignored for their absurdity.

* * * *

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre de l'absurde, for all those who are chameleons.
Ignore it, if You red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if You cannot.

* * * *

As absurd as it has been since the beginning, creating endless forms of idolatry, is what we do.
To see that totality is an infinite force, requires an aloof rationality, in which vanity cannot root.

* * * *

One of the first things any true seeker must do is trash all notions of a deity or deities.
There is only the faceless awareness, from which all worlds, all universes, are witnessed.

* * * *

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

* * * *

You were maybe expecting some magical being or buddha or ivory tower wizard to scribe all this?
To take You on some joyous magic carpet ride to the feet of some great deity?
To stoke your vanity, and heal all your pain and suffering?
Nope, sorry, You will have to slog on through that all alone, same as everyone else.

* * * *

Om is the quantum vibration, the quantum hum, the quantum drone.
The source of all materialization, of all dreamtimes, of all creations.

* * * *

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

* * * *

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.

It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.
It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
Awareness is.
Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,

Eternity is.
Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

There is nobody to follow; You must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

Idealistic notions have a way of creeping into consciousness,
No matter how You make every attempt to swat them away.

* * * *

All our ancestors combined did not have all the experiential adventures that current times offer.
A world ripe, a world seasoned, for exploration, and mindsets so much freer of cultural constraints.
Would they envy us, or shake their heads in disbelief over the absurdity so many have embraced.

* * * *

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, You are your own student.
Learn whatever suits You, do whatever draws You.
Live your life as freely as the given moment allows.

* * * *

Why would You follow any god that has any vanity or avarice or malice at all?
Everyone else does, why shouldn't You, is that really what you're settling for?

* * * *

What is this garden planet, what is this pale blue dot,
But a tiny speck of dust, spinning away in the void.
All that vanity and greed, absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

When it comes to an opportunity for any military to rain destruction down upon the masses,
The reality is they gotta get rid of all that cobwebbed inventory somehow.
Gotta keep the military-industrial complex in business.
Gotta ring up another cha-ching.
As Orwell, in his prescience noted, the powers that be,
Cannot allow the masses get too comfortable, and in the long run, too intelligent.
The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism's vanity and hedonism's greed.

* * * *

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do You care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

* * * *

It is about the words, and what if anything, they in combination,
Perchance spark into consciousness, perchance at some higher level.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

What would happen if all of humanity suddenly shifted into an enlightened paradigm?
What an absurd thing to bother pondering; You make me laugh plenty ha-ha hard, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

All this is written because it is how imagination entices me into giving it the wheel.
All this is perused because it is how imagination entices You into giving it the wheel.

* * * *

Inflation is about ridiculous prices, about ridiculous sizes,
And supply chains dissolving before they can even get there.

* * * *

Nothing can be more, nothing can be less, nothing can be, but what it is.
What more is there to say, what more is there to do, what more is there to be?

* * * *

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

* * * *

Perhaps this matrix all began because You got a craving, a hankering, an itch,
To do something more than just be timeless nothingness.
So here You right-here-right-now are,
Imprisoned by a creation, far from conclusion.

* * * *

Being in the moment, being the moment, being the pure unadulterated awareness,
Prior to the movement of consciousness, prior to the movement of imagination,
Is a discipline not easily forged, and only by the rare few drawn to the quest.

* * * *

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

* * * *

This blob, this wall of flesh, this sheen of light,
Is outside and inside the one and only You,
Each and every kaleidoscoping moment.
Duality is the lie born of imagination.

* * * *

In the great relativity, what is the human species but a throng of crunchy-chewy-gooey microorganisms,
With arms and legs, hearts and minds, portraying every variety of pride and greed and futility,
Every variety of narcissism and hedonism, imagination has the audacity to muster.

There is no possible triumphant ending to this Shakespearian filibuster,
Told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

* * * *

What can we expect with software that is billions of years old?
A long fire-sharpened stick, and maybe a sling, with whatever stones were about,
Was what our kind got along with, most of our post-jungle, around-the-world, Petri-dish walkabout.

* * * *

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

* * * *

Almost like You never did it.
Almost like You never saw it.
Almost like You never heard it.
Almost like You never tasted it.
Almost like You never smelled it.
Almost like You never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness

Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency
Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill

Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if You wish to live long and well.

* * * *

You do not have to keep playing the game.
Just get up from the table and gone-boy elsewhere.
Bam! Instantly homeless, and free to willy-nilly walkabout.

* * * *

To imagine the horrors on the horizon, is the dystopian cuisine of philosophers,
And fiction writers of book and screen, and the vast spectrum of all things tabloid.

* * * *

Getting out while the getting's good, may save You a lot of pain and bother,
And leave family and friends with a little less anguish,
And perhaps more treasure.

* * * *

The Foundation of Serenity:
Forgiveness
Innocence
Compassion
Contentment
Truth

* * * *

Wonder how much of that tax-fee-license-tariff-permit-ticket-toll -fare,
Goes into food and booze and round-the-water-cooler-and-dumbphone time.

* * * *

You are not going to evade an iceberg once it is already gutting the hull like a hapless fish.
A waste of time even thinking about it; may as well enjoy whatever is left, pedal to the metal.

* * * *

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

All the human beings You have known as friends and family;
As lovers, acquaintances, coworkers, strangers, adversaries, enemies,
Have all, each and every one, wrought the frame of reference, of the witness,
The mind, the awareness, the Self, that has chanced upon this aphorism.

* * * *

Each and every moment, each and every perception of your existence,
Is a translation, a rendition, an epiphany, a revelation, an insight,
That is continually incorporated into your frame of reference.
The pattern You are, the part You play, was scripted from the get-go.

* * * *

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

* * * *

Same old bubble of misinformation.

Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

* * * *

The mind bent by the trivia of time, clings, contained, compelled.
The mind given over to awareness, streams, unbridled, boundless.

* * * *

All religions are cults that call themselves religions,
Once they get enough members and a few buildings.

* * * *

Where is the mind that is but a still, serene pool of awareness?
Where is the mind, content merely to be the given moment?
Time is an illusion, space is an illusion, mind is an illusion.

* * * *

The tango between male and female has been a challenge, a debate, a competition,
Ever since mitosis mutated into meiosis over a billion-plus years ago.
It may not work well in this so-called civilized world,
But it is a partnership that got us here.

* * * *

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

Soundbites

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

The ultimate proof, is that You have never, will never, can never, see your own face.

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.

* * * *

True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Be and allow, the highest law.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.

* * * *

To imagination, our kind has bound its fate.

* * * *

Dial into the eternal moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

The is no solution to it, because there is no problem about it.

* * * *

So much to remember; much simpler to forget.

* * * *

How can infinity be measured; science is bound by its limitations.

* * * *

It has all been patterned by natural selection since the first moment of genesis.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness, both least and greatest common denominator.

* * * *

It is in the deepest recesses of aloneness, that You will find your Self.

* * * *

The stepping stones of fate are many and winding.

* * * *

What need for religion? You have the moment, and nature is its expression.

* * * *

At some point, putting yourself in the line of fire, why?

* * * *

The challenge of existence is not to be misery's messenger for as long as possible.

* * * *

You cannot be what You are not, nor teach what You do not know; what is false is not of long duration.

* * * *

How can anyone know that which is oblivion, when nothing must be present to witness it?

* * * *

To question reality is a calling to which relatively few are drawn.

* * * *

It is on You to do whatever impromptu calls.

* * * *

Each and every seed, a unique blueprint; a pattern in its snowflake of a universe.

* * * *

You cannot capture the awareness; You can only be it.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, ever serene; consciousness starts, sticks, stops, and confabulates without end.

* * * *

Mother Nature will teach You, everything You need to know, if You can survive the lesson.

* * * *

All thoughts, all passions, are imaginary things, only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

Natural, spontaneous, unforced, organic process, is the sure sign of a timeless existence.

* * * *

Impromptu free will, looking forward; determined fate, looking back.

* * * *

Take care of that body; else consequences will mete out the injustice of foolish ignorance.

* * * *

Awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Only You know your own story, and even that is but a vain perception, of what may have really happened.

* * * *

How many universes can dance on the head of a pin?

* * * *

Neither past nor future exist; nowness is your kingdom.

* * * *

Entitlement tends to numb one to the inequities that abound around them.

* * * *

You know it is esoteric when You can barely give it away.

* * * *

Get to know people too well, and, sure enough, sooner or later, there are funerals to attend.

* * * *

Nothing is any moment the same.

* * * *

If the mind is moving, imagination is afoot; You in its fell grip.

* * * *

That which is ever-changing is not eternal; that which is eternal is not ever-changing.

* * * *

You are the mystery You cannot solve; only be.

* * * *

At the heart of awareness, all naming means diddly-squat; what is, is, no matter the sound it is granted.

* * * *

The real and the unreal are a duet of the unknown.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.

* * * *

Each and every snowflake is the first; every one must discern its own way.

* * * *

Why would any deity worth a tinker’s damn, be a proponent of any dogma, whatsoever?

* * * *

Thought has no reality but in imaginary notion.

* * * *

Every moment flickers the same.

* * * *

How big a statistical sample do You need, to see it is all going nowhere very quickly?

* * * *

All naming is but the puff of imagination.

* * * *

Be wary of those who appeal to your vanity, to access either your wallet or your heart.

* * * *

The mystery You seek is within and without; pure, simple, free, perfect, absolute, supreme.

* * * *

Whatever the source of the mystery, You are also; how could You not be?

* * * *

In every moment, a new opportunity to discern, the mystery streaming indivisibly within.

* * * *

There it is.

* * * *

Everyone seems to know the answer; curious that it is rarely the same one.

* * * *

Would there be light, would there be dark, without You to discern it?

* * * *

The universe is but the gnashing of a morsel of dust, in the reality of the mystery that You are, as well.

* * * *

Do You see your cosmos through your own eyes, or the eyes of another?

* * * *

You have always been alone; it is your one and only nature.

* * * *

Did that happen yesterday, or the day before, or did it even happen at all?

* * * *

To believe awareness, is attached to any concept or form, is but vain arrogance born of human limitation.

* * * *

A thought can be just as much an idol as any figurine or symbol or image.

* * * *

Nothing is ever easy.

* * * *

Why let anything bother You?

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?

* * * *

Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds, You are.

* * * *

Nothing is free; breathe content.

* * * *

How You present yourself to others, is probably how You should present to your Self.

* * * *

Imagination likes to pretend it is in charge.

* * * *

You have never been real, You will never be real, in any way You think.

* * * *

There is no knowing; there is only imagination weaving it so.

* * * *

Regarding time: it is hard to run out of something that never existed.

* * * *

You cannot help but play out your destiny.

* * * *

Intelligent design is an oxymoron in this universe.

* * * *

Your fate is already assured; You just have, to play it out.

* * * *

The enlightened life is a wander through the relativity.

* * * *

Time would sure be passing by quickly, if it existed.

* * * *

Another tomorrow, already yesterday.

* * * *

All your judgments change nothing.

* * * *

The return to nothingness is the dissolution of all things imagined, of all things born of consciousness.

* * * *

Embrace what You can; tolerate, ignore, change, destroy, what You cannot.

* * * *

The absurdity, spinning into overdrive.

* * * *

Seriously, is it really any wonder, Jesus has not returned?

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater, is the way of the eternal mind.

* * * *

The blind and deaf lack doubt.

* * * *

As mind moves, so does dreamtime.

* * * *

Surrendering to awareness, to eternity, is a timeless moment.

* * * *

Ecstasy is right here, right now, for those whose fate it is to mine it.

* * * *

The streets are lined with gold; can You not see it.

* * * *

Nothing rules.

* * * *

Pain is a gathering of nerve-endings telling You, You probably should not have done that.

* * * *

Have a great day, if your fate allows.

* * * *

Sometimes, like it or not, You just have, to start all over, or quit, or both.

* * * *

One is all, all are one.

* * * *

How is it You know so much, but still do not know nothing?

* * * *

Doubt everything but the awareness that is your Self.

* * * *

A taste, a nibble, a sip, can be statistical sample enough, to discern the essence of most anything.

* * * *

Boredom is a hard taskmaster.

* * * *

Destiny trumps all comers.

* * * *

There are many boundaries to explore, and they are all but ephemeral walls of imagination.

* * * *

Giving voice to the obvious.

* * * *

Challenging not to get cynical, when You have seen something gauged absurd, happen for the nth time.

* * * *

You would kill someone, simply because they call their idol by a different name than yours? Seriously?

* * * *

Let gravity do what it with so little effort does.

* * * *

Those lost to differentiation miss the commonality of all existence, and non-existence, as well.

* * * *

Run that by, again, please.

* * * *

Of the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, You are but a brief twinkle.

* * * *

To wander through all camps, unseen, anonymous, observant, is a ninja-level skillset.

* * * *

Inattention to breath is a sure sign You are off in the time machine of imagination.

* * * *

You will know it when You see it.

* * * *

Death is just the mind-body washing away, like a wave across the sand, back into the sea.

* * * *

The laments of aging are a noisy hall.

* * * *

That which You so easily waste or discard, could well be untold treasure to so many.

* * * *

Imagination is a habit of the addictive sort.

* * * *

Your departure is an imminent very-sure likelihood.

* * * *

What set of steps lead to that?

* * * *

The first hit arouses the bloodthirst.

* * * *

Pretty hard to get the world out, once it gets its quantum nose into the tent of imagination.

* * * *

Destiny has a way of finding You.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of space-time born of imagination.

* * * *

The You, You are, is not the You, You imagine You are.

* * * *

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

* * * *

Is sage advice heard, much less followed, even in the forum?

* * * *

Details will be enjoyable, until they are not; and then what hell will they brew?

* * * *

How did You not think of that?

* * * *

There is only pure awareness, it suffers not; be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

Impulsiveness challenges the odds in any game.

* * * *

You need not always give into the whims of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not doing that; the quantum matrix is doing that, thinking that.

* * * *

Another tomorrow turning into yesterday.

* * * *

Why would You need to prove anything, either to your Self, or any other?

* * * *

The nuances of truth are all imagined.

* * * *

We all have our little Academy Award statues collecting dust on the shelf.

* * * *

Yet another absurd story, catering to fear and dread of the unknown.

* * * *

Free will is an assumption with neither merit nor proof.

* * * *

Destiny is a long-and-winding wander of sentience towards its given sunset.

* * * *

The abyss is the ultimate freedom; give over to it as often as You dare.

* * * *

At some point, starting over loses its sheen.

* * * *

How many followers would follow their prophets, if they ran inro them unrecognized on any given street?

* * * *

Equality is a two-way street.

* * * *

Why should You be bound by any other's limitations?

* * * *

Oblivion calls.

* * * *

Best to forget, who You think You are, before everyone else does.

* * * *

Existence is just more to forget.

* * * *

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do; oblivion is the nonexistent destiny of all.

* * * *

Oops, mistake, and not the first one of the day.

* * * *

Try as it might, imagination has never gotten its hooks into the moment.

* * * *

You are witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

Within the ocean, an infinity of droplets; within every mind, the infinity of the ocean.

* * * *

There is only awareness; it suffers not.

* * * *

Consciousness has great difficulty allowing the stillness of nothingness to reign.

* * * *

If You are the body: agony and ecstasy and every variety of vanity; if You are awareness: meh.

* * * *

You can only defy gravity so long.

* * * *

Respect goes a long way towards peaceful co-existence.

* * * *

Who can ever even more than guess, what will be remembered in any given mind?

* * * *

The taste of fate is bittersweet.

* * * *

Textbook.

* * * *

Is creativity – or any passion, for that matter – a function of oxygen deprivation?

* * * *

Be free; die now, to all of it.

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness; no need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

What do You mean, I am not this body!?

* * * *

You may be a complex pattern, but, a pattern, nonetheless.

* * * *

Truth is truth, regardless the words.

* * * *

All judgment is arbitrary.

* * * *

The expanses of imagination, are but the ephemeral filament, of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

Space-time is the theater of mind.

* * * *

Breathe content.

* * * *

Reading much of this sort of babble, will reduce your mind to rubble, and give rise to a Phoenix.

* * * *

Nothing is free.

* * * *

The simple mind requires simple messages, repeated as needed.

* * * *

Space and time do not really exist as more than imaginary concepts spun of quantum dust.

* * * *

Embrace your Self.

* * * *

Attention to breath is the portal to eternity.

* * * *

Is it so, or just yours or some other's vanity, that says it is so?

* * * *

Very esoteric, indeed, until it is not.

* * * *

A simple answer that is dogmatic, is not a simple answer that is esoteric.

* * * *

There is always tomorrow.

* * * *

Whatever stage You tread, You are always right-here-right-now You.

* * * *

This esoteric work is dedicated to mystics at large; the mystiques en liberté, for whom Self is all.

* * * *

There is absolutely no need to define or measure or compare your Self.

* * * *

Nothingness is not a two-sided coin.

* * * *

You are the Truth, You are the Life, You are the Way.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional, ephemeral dream of matter, with which You identify for a brief sense of time.

* * * *

That the ultimate truth is so thoroughly ignored, so thoroughly twisted, says it all.

* * * *

Necessity refines the senses.

* * * *

Is it a universe, or merely a perception of what You think is a universe?

* * * *

May as well embrace your fate; it is going to happen, like it or not.

* * * *

What a luxury knowing so much; all the while understanding so little.

* * * *

You have never been anything imagined by imagination.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array; an indelible mystery, no matter how it is framed.

* * * *

Habits die hard.

* * * *

Resistance to the reality within and without, is but an every-moment exercise in futility.

* * * *

Challenging to get a handle, on a mystery beyond measure; too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

Is not waking up every day, mystery enough, without adding a heap of gratuitous folderol?

* * * *

Who is the experiencer, when the passing moment, is over as quickly as it began.

* * * *

Let joy in.

* * * *

Eternity is a walkabout.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

True religion is expressed each and every moment; in deeds are You known, assertions mean nothing.

* * * *

What clouds can ever touch the sky of eternity?

* * * *

Why keep beating yourself up over things that do not matter?

* * * *

It is not You that is reborn; it is the unborn-undying awareness, and it, only for a moment.

* * * *

Gravity is You in disguise, as is everything, into which it casts its dream-weaving force.

* * * *

Why do You do that to your Self?

* * * *

Whether or not, You survive the mayhem, is what is called natural selection.

* * * *

How many times do You need to do the same thing, to learn the same thing?

* * * *

The whole of creation is about spinning nada into gold, lining as many streets as imagination allows.

* * * *

Even the most bitter and poisonous and vile flowers, are the essence of the same mystery.

* * * *

Space and time may be illusions, but they are very real-looking illusions.

* * * *

Angels and demons dance on pins in our heads.

* * * *

Death is the oblivion of reality; we are all dead men walking, the how and when, not if.

* * * *

It only seems like free will, because You only see the trees, as You wander down your pathless path.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be one in the same?

* * * *

What is heaven but hope, and hell, dread; the nectar of awareness is prior to both.

* * * *

Of those whose minds and hair are graying, we have all seen better daze.

* * * *

Bad breathing makes for an unhinged mind, wherein the eternal now, is whisked into time.

* * * *

Who knows where that got nooked and crannied.

* * * *

Idolatry: Don’t do it.

* * * *

What delusions vows can be, as soon as they pop out of mind.

* * * *

The only thing sure, the only thing secure, is the awareness of the ephemeral now.

* * * *

Where does awareness begin, and where can it possibly end?

* * * *

Grasping just how alone You truly are, is a blow-the-breaker-switches moment.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to wake up anyone, who spends life pushing the snooze button?

* * * *

Why would You ever be sinful or guilty for being born?

* * * *

The You that You every moment believe You are, is nothing more than a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

And behind every face eternity ever cast, You.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe full; that is the born again-ness of every eternal moment.

* * * *

There is only one Soul, and it is that which is totality; there is only one totality, and it is the Soul in all.

* * * *

Consciousness is quicksand; awareness, bedrock.

* * * *

The notion of history is sculpted in countless ways, through the never-ceasing, indivisibly eternal now.

* * * *

What pathless is there to heaven, but through the eternal within.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

If You want world peace, still that busy mind, and in awareness, take in a few deep breaths.

* * * *

What else do You possibly need, once simple awareness, is nectar enough?

* * * *

You are already samadhi, happiness, bliss; all You need do is be still enough to discern it.

* * * *

How do You measure a space that is not, or count a time that never was?

* * * *

The immeasurable moment is without division; has there ever been more than one?

* * * *

Yes, the mitote can just be turned off, with the flick of attention.

* * * *

Do not insist what You do not know.

* * * *

It is what is done after the first move that wins or loses.

* * * *

Expectations are a sure road to disappointment.

* * * *

Waste time? How can You waste something that does not exist?

* * * *

Send in the drones.

* * * *

Why would anyone want to conquer the world, when conquering yourself is so much more rewarding.

* * * *

To not care about anyone or anything; how freeing.

* * * *

Say yes to everything; say no to everything.

* * * *

On the lamb, wandering hither and thither.

* * * *

You can choose to: You can choose not to.

* * * *

Pictures are worth one thousand words, but what about inflation?

* * * *

Try not to get lost or drown in the sea of metaphors.

* * * *

An anonymous, unentitled, inauspicious beginning allows one to carve one's own course.

* * * *

Despite the fact, that all cling to the podium, no one owns the forum.

* * * *

The book to re-read, is the one, You had no clue about what You were reading, the first round.

* * * *

Gravity cloaks the reality that You are drifting in the abyss.

* * * *

The larger currents of geopolitics are where strategic minds circle.

* * * *

The digital mind narrates a false sheen upon reality.

* * * *

Where does the person who likes or dislikes exist, but in the imagination.

* * * *

Where will You be after the post mortem?

* * * *

What are You smoking?

* * * *

The philosophers are not in charge, nor will they ever be, obviously.

* * * *

The mantra of existence is written in the chromosomes.

* * * *

Eternity is a long timeless.

* * * *

The timeless mind engaged in time.

* * * *

Is there really any problem but the one You create?

* * * *

It is all about choices, and is there really any choice?

* * * *

Has the loss of innocence, the loss of Eden, really been worth it?

* * * *

Keep up with what, exactly?

* * * *

Aphorisms are born of a knack for putting things succinctly.

* * * *

Congratulations if You are a winner in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

How can anything be said to exist when everything is the unborn-undying?

* * * *

Dead is dead; ain't no resurrection of what never was.

* * * *

This is eternity's moment.

* * * *

Go to where time is not counted, and space is not measured.

* * * *

Here is your death; come and get it, embrace it, or run away, as fast as You imagine You can.

* * * *

Alone at last.

* * * *

The Reaper finds all imagination's efforts for immortality to be grimly ironic.

* * * *

It is with great intention, You must give your attention.

* * * *

A teacher who spins lies, is not much of a teacher.

* * * *

To slip through net after net is a fate of its own reckoning.

* * * *

Every human being chattering to themselves; the parasite of consciousness in every mind,

* * * *

Is there really anything that matters?

* * * *

There is only one tongue, and You must be You to speak it.

* * * *

The sun of another moment will rest on your face one tomorrow or another.

* * * *

What makes You believe the Reaper is grim?

* * * *

It is all mitote; it is all the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.

* * * *

No, all things do not come to those who wait; some things, but not all things.

* * * *

What would it be like to be so present, as to experience fully every now, any given life has to offer?

* * * *

Breathe into the awareness; breathe out from the awareness.

* * * *

The nothingness of the eternal, cannot be taught, only learned, and in the learning, process is all.

* * * *

Ummy-yum-yum, another scrumptious meal down the shitting hole.

* * * *

The one-percenters just laugh at how easy it is to distract the masses willy-nilly.

* * * *

Is the universe a mind beyond all comprehension? Up to You to find out.

* * * *

Hard to savor a moment already long gone.

* * * *

If You cannot fit it all into a simple, timeless breath, then it probably does not matter much, anyway.

* * * *

Be the Good Samaritan however it suits You; the most authentic giving is not an obligation.

* * * *

To be born is to die, with some wandering through a dream between; that is the way it is.

* * * *

Vanity and greed trump wisdom until there is nothing left to be wise about.

* * * *

Thinking from very small, to thinking very large, takes some to where they only seldom think at all.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

* * * *

One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

* * * *

A universal mind, a quantum mind; how could it be anything less?

* * * *

Suspend knowing, forget everything; be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

This may be the last time You have do that, or see that, or hear that, or taste that, or smell that, or feel that.

* * * *

How can a drop of the ocean ever depart it?

* * * *

The space, the time, are irrelevant to the seer seeing.

* * * *

How similar we are in our differences; how different we are in our similarities.

* * * *

So nothing as to be everything; so everything as to be nothing.

* * * *

How many spins around the sun before everyone, everything, now living, is lost and gone forever?

* * * *

Before genesis, You are; after genesis, You are; in genesis, You are.

* * * *

If there is a middleman between You and truth, then the only question is how thick the lie.

* * * *

You say You want a revolution; well, here it is.

* * * *

Here You are, right here, right now; nothing else matters.

* * * *

Odds are very good that there will always be pharaohs building monuments to their imaginary glory.

* * * *

Plumbing the shallow depths with words that can only tell.

* * * *

What is your world, your universe, your existence, but a momentary perception.

* * * *

Staring into the abyss.

* * * *

A happy ending only means the story is not yet over.

* * * *

Took a long time to put this world together; shame to see it ravaged so thoughtlessly.

* * * *

What is the point of all this knowledge, if there is no garden left to know, no garden left to wander?

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy are in the realm of imagination; awareness has no time for them.

* * * *

Changing with the changing, is a very astute, very shrewd, very Darwinian strategy.

* * * *

How alone is alone?

* * * *

We quarrel over anything and everything, as if anything and everything really matter.

* * * *

Who is this I? What is me? What is mine? Everything is yours. Nothing is yours.

* * * *

Observe your world, your universe, for your Self; what need have You for anyone else's conclusion?

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home; how much closer to God could You possibly be?

* * * *

For another breath, what's a little more agony?

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.

* * * *

Options, lots of options.

* * * *

Do not confuse what You think or what You do, with the prior-to-consciousness awareness You are.

* * * *

I create You, and You create me, and we each, in our own dreams, dance the same mystery.

* * * *

You have either, an innie, or an outie; if You do not like it, try not to make it everybody else's problem.

* * * *

No, this form is not yours to keep for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Give senses and whatever imagination throws in the spin.

* * * *

This breath is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

Awareness is the door to eternal life.

* * * *

Does any other creature ponder existence, ponder Self, with the obsession we do?

* * * *

Where's their library?

* * * *

What can awareness possibly hold onto?

* * * *

Faith takes a lot of work; much easier to be unconcerned.

* * * *

There is no other place to go, nor mind to be in, nor witness to be; You are right here, right now.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortality You are.

* * * *

It is only vanity and greed that inspire the blind.

* * * *

You are preacher and parishioner, and choir unto thy Self; what need for an edifice?

* * * *

You may just have to let it go.

* * * *

Chatting it up with the mitote again, eh?

* * * *

You are nothing more than your own worst imaginary habit.

* * * *

They are not going to know; they are not going to care.

* * * *

This is your song of god.

* * * *

Why make problems, that are neither necessary nor meaningful, from any get-go?

* * * *

You vaguely recall making that decision, but could just as easily, just as truthfully, deny it.

* * * *

It is rational to go your own way, to abide alone; guilt, remorse, obligation, are mortal cuisine.

* * * *

Which yesterday is today, can be hard to remember.

* * * *

Forget everything; remember nothing.

* * * *

How obsessed so many are, to have answers to questions that have none.

* * * *

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream; merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

* * * *

To what are You clinging, and why?

* * * *

Every moment is just as new, for any so-called master, as it is for You.

* * * *

Another DNA wannabe.

* * * *

All the scribe could do was write how he saw it; what any readers will see, is their own to see.

* * * *

What is anything to You who have seen an infinity of universes come and go?

* * * *

Nothing is ever the same; loss is an every-moment fact.

* * * *

It is what it is; all beliefs about it are meaningless.

* * * *

Would there even be a moment, were there not sentience to witness it?

* * * *

What so many call love in this theater of the absurd, is expressed in every shade of self-absorption.

* * * *

Nothing fantastical in these pages.

* * * *

Every moment the same.

* * * *

More legalistic jabber from the choir; vanity is the source of all differences.

* * * *

As flawed as everyone else.

* * * *

Sometimes You create, sometimes You preserve, sometimes You destroy; that is the way of it.

* * * *

To recall how the world, once inspired such longing, such passion; oh, those were the daze.

* * * *

The eye of a needle is only as small as the eye is blind.

* * * *

This is it, this is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

The obvious only become obvious, when the mind and heart are clear, free of all meaningless burdens.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

The Genetic Lottery is the Wheel of Destiny.

* * * *

So much influence established by mindsets, whose time in the sun was long ago buried.

* * * *

How would your life sound as a song?

* * * *

What is knowledge but busy-busy distraction, from the what is of the unfolding moment.

* * * *

What breath can ever hold any moment for long.

* * * *

Good thing nobody can read your mind.

* * * *

All your experience, all your knowledge, and You still the unknown all the while.

* * * *

Sentience is indifferent to your imaginary existence.

* * * *

Even thousands of karmic rebirths beyond counting, all happen right here, right now.

* * * *

How can the antidote for lies, ever be anything but truth?

* * * *

Religions play upon the insecurity of mind; spirituality encourages its understanding.

* * * *

You are it, it is You; the other is but imagined.

* * * *

To right the ship; how would that ever be possible, even if all hands were on deck?

* * * *

What does not manage to kill You today, will certainly try to hurt You in the meanwhile.

* * * *

The abyss yawns.

* * * *

There really is no this or that, or that or this; there is really only just the way it is.

* * * *

If You do not care enough to be the change, of which You so eloquently speak, why expect it of another?

* * * *

Forget everything; everything!

* * * *

The ever-shifting sands consume all.

* * * *

It was knowledge that blinded the vision of Eden; it is awareness that renders it apparent again.

* * * *

It may well be less, “The Horror! The Horror!” – than it is, “The absurdity! The absurdity!”

* * * *

It is all merely an intriguing, temporal veil; so it goes. deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

All dreams can never be more than dreams.

* * * *

So small and so huge as to be indistinguishable, from the dynamic synergy of its countless parts.

* * * *

You think You know so much; a little humility, puleeze!

* * * *

Nothing is sacred; nothing is not sacred.

* * * *

Consciousness is a means, to playing out the dream of time; You are the awareness, not consciousness.

* * * *

To believe we are all wandering the same universe, is an extremely dubious assumption.

* * * *

Waiting too long, generally makes for fewer and fewer choices, or at least different ones.

* * * *

By the time You hear about most opportunities, it is probably too late.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire, any fear, any dread, any passion at all, to grip You?

* * * *

Unclench the mind, let go all thought, let go all that is imagined, be the whole mind.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness are You, You.

* * * *

The moment is all.

* * * *

You are the same awareness, You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Here I am, there You are, both Self, wandering the same matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, in which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion You dream.

* * * *

It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.

* * * *

The other is the infection of imagination.

* * * *

Avoid being bound by tradition, even your own.

* * * *

Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.

* * * *

Bones and flesh and slime; so crunchy and chewy and gooey.

* * * *

Is there truly a world, a universe, or just a perspective born of imagination?

* * * *

Time to reap what we have sewn, alas.

* * * *

How is it You ask your Self this all the time?

* * * *

Wonder if the percentages have always been the same for any given psychology.

* * * *

The warrior mindset is not always about war.

* * * *

Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

* * * *

And the world catches your attention yet again.

* * * *

What yoke can there be, to the freedom, of You just being told, to be You, your Self?

* * * *

The time-bound will always be but second place to awareness.

* * * *

Awareness proves nothing.

* * * *

So, what is the first thing Jesus is going to do when boots hit the ground?

* * * *

Practice dying.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for yourself wanders into dead ends at every turn.

* * * *

Pretty hard to hold back nature from a good meal.

* * * *

What affluence hath wrought, individually and collectively, accelerates exponentially, beyond all pales.

* * * *

“No Fair!” echoes its futility in domesticated minds.

* * * *

The abyss of oblivion yawns forever eternal.

* * * *

The only way out is within.

* * * *

What need for knowledge, when You are the elixir that bore it all.

* * * *

Accidents and unintended consequences, have a habit of inspiring tangential changes.

* * * *

You will stop when the questions stop.

* * * *

Walk your talk.

* * * *

You are all alone in the moment You eternally dwell.

* * * *

The ever-present-nothing-special of awareness, is, without limits.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told? Well, maybe, if You have never read anything else.

* * * *

A descent into attachment of emotion can easily waylay even the best of journeys.

* * * *

You have never been who You imagine You are.

* * * *

Misery is playing a starring role in this manifest theater.

* * * *

What is beautiful, what is ugly, but illusions born of human imagination.

* * * *

The moment is not a yoke in which You must daily toil.

* * * *

Quit your whining.

* * * *

The You, You think is You, is not the You, You think.

* * * *

Accelerating exponential, is how I put it; and how doomed, is for time machines.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation, are the means to explore and realize for your Self, the mystery You are.

* * * *

You are nothing more than an imagined character; locked in by nature-nurture.

* * * *

How are we not every moment lost in wonder?

* * * *

Family is overrated.

* * * *

The hallowed ground must be trod within to glean its truest truth.

* * * *

Everybody has a take on everybody else.

* * * *

The irony is how You so often seem to stumble whenever You think You are so cool.

* * * *

Many an impulse has gone into making this disaster.

* * * *

We are all empty vessels, filled with the churning nothingness of imagination.

* * * *

Forget the body, forget the mind, forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything.

* * * *

The serious student has no end of teachers.

* * * *

The man with the crystal ball rules the world.

* * * *

Everything is entitlement; even existence.

* * * *

You are the totality, You are the mystery, by whatever sound You want to give it.

* * * *

Pride gets the better of all who cannot resist its temptations.

* * * *

It is about connecting the dots.

* * * *

Your quantum nature is indivisibly timeless; are You mad for seeing it, or mad for not?

* * * *

A faith so infinite, as to be unnecessary.

* * * *

Would You justify yourself to a rock, or an ant, or a fish, or your cat? So why, to any two-legged?

* * * *

What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

* * * *

Why would, how could, awareness, judge clouds crisscrossing its sky?

* * * *

Yet another etching on a wall in a deep, dark cavern; likely never to be found.

* * * *

For a coin to be minted, it must have two faces.

* * * *

The iceberg is ripping through the hull; who will survive to see the dawn?

* * * *

We all live in glass houses; curious how few realize it.

* * * *

Imagination gets the brass ring for another moment; awareness does not count.

* * * *

It takes time, it takes space.

* * * *

The first birth was 3.8 billion-ish years ago; my, how time passes.

* * * *

Freedom is in the clarity of awareness; not the quantum theater of sensation.

* * * *

Pain is the unjust dessert; chew well.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything; even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Have You been teched enough yet?

* * * *

Peace on earth, requires peace of mind, and good will towards each and all.

* * * *

History happens.

* * * *

Which voice is on deck when You are all alone, You or You?

* * * *

Another beautiful day in the neighborhood.

* * * *

All flaws are imagined; physician, heal thy Self; be whole, sovereign, true.

* * * *

No day is over until it is over.

* * * *

Being nothing in an everything world, is the challenge for any lost to doubt.

* * * *

So much pain and tension that become like tree rings as the body ages and withers on the vine.

* * * *

A little taste is gist enough.

* * * *

What good is knowledge, what good is history, if You have not learned the many lessons offered?

* * * *

History does not repeat itself; imagination does.

* * * *

Arrogance is its own bliss.

* * * *

To be free of imagination, or not to be free of imagination, the question of all questions.

* * * *

It is for time to tell.

* * * *

Unattended promises are the bane of relationship.

* * * *

And what is real? And what is not real? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

So much to be forgotten.

* * * *

Loneliness is a distraction, a fixation, inspired by dependence on others.

* * * *

Hell, if I know.

* * * *

A mind bent on trivial pursuits, is a mind that has missed its full potential.

* * * *

As if any relationship, any job, any experience, any anything, pose any answer.

* * * *

There are no rights; only entitlements.

* * * *

The moment is the moment; whether or not You are there to witness it.

* * * *

This is one very fucked up, very pathetic, very harsh, parody.

* * * *

You are the world, and the world is You.

* * * *

The mind-body is but the torture device; it is consciousness that chooses, whether or not it will suffer.

* * * *

Imagination has You by the mind.

* * * *

What is it to really, really, really, I mean really, not care?

* * * *

We cannot all be You.

* * * *

The fall from grace is daily more apparent in many a headline.

* * * *

To look out upon the world, without attachment, is a meditation requiring buddha-mind intention.

* * * *

Are there an infinity of moments, or just one? Count them if You can.

* * * *

The road to habit and addiction, begins with an innocuous choice.

* * * *

What makes sucking your thumb any less meaningful than anything else?

* * * *

So many talking about change, but how many really want to?

* * * *

How is it the mystery is not magical enough for so many?

* * * *

You going to wait for the Reaper, or go out and meet him before he knocks?

* * * *

How does it feel to be rated equal to a microbe crawling in your nose?

* * * *

Imagination's limits are many, and not far between.

* * * *

Will it ever end? Probably not; at least not as far as You need be concerned.

* * * *

Freedom is a lie fabricated for the delusional.

* * * *

You never existed, and none of this ever happened.

* * * *

Smartest guy in the room always gets the last word.

* * * *

Extinction is nothing new.

* * * *

The identify is not who You are; it is who You pretend to be.

* * * *

It must be something to be such a genius all the time.

* * * *

Once was enough.

* * * *

How can You call it an inquiry, if You believe You already know the answer?

* * * *

A thing for things.

* * * *

What name can stick to the no-name mystery?

* * * *

Every seer explores the mystery to whatever degreeless degree it calls.

* * * *

Do You feed your tongue? Or your body? Or at least both.

* * * *

Every moment a push and pull between the eternal You and the imaginary you.

* * * *

What is belief, what is faith, what is hope, but a story believed.

* * * *

It may be less an issue about wanting something, as it is what You are willing to do to get it.

* * * *

Vanity, the great deceiver.

* * * *

Problems, problems, problems; how can You solve a dream?

* * * *

To be inwardly silent, completely still – free of desire, free of fear, free of dread – is to be the eternal.

* * * *

Just being is the embodiment of silence.

* * * *

The Ignorance of Vanity ... or ... The Vanity of Ignorance ... Hmmm ...

* * * *

Try not to make your problem someone else's.

* * * *

God is a many-dogma-ed hydra.

* * * *

Embrace the pain, dive into the wave, be the moment.

* * * *

There is no saving this world; only surviving it.

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless formlessness of awareness.

* * * *

Misters and mrs's and miss's and ms's and mx's, You are all the same mystery.

* * * *

Everything is distraction.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, grace; the many-splendored quality of beingness.

* * * *

We are all driven by different demons.

* * * *

Find your newborn state of mind; the tabula rasa of all beginnings.

* * * *

How many cushions will that derrière someday cover, in these, our gluttonous times?

* * * *

Every moment is the same; consciousness being what it is, not all are equally endured.

* * * *

Are You at the prow watching the cutwater, or the stern, the wake?

* * * *

Measuring illusion is a delusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

Any goal reached is but a blip in the ever-kaleidoscoping process.

* * * *

The genetic lottery has spun You this way.

* * * *

The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater You are conditioned to discern.

* * * *

Only your little slice of imagination is about You.

* * * *

Stroll on.

* * * *

No matter the religion, the belief, they are all just stories.

* * * *

If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

Beware the people of one book.

* * * *

God is neither alive nor dead, just bored to tears with the same uselessly absurd balderdash.

* * * *

Very Darwin, indeed.

* * * *

If You had never been told there was a God, would You have created one?

* * * *

There will be many horrors before it is over.

* * * *

The natural state is tabula rasa.

* * * *

Found your face, yet?

* * * *

Goals anointed, goals achieved, are but a moment in the process.

* * * *

Everything is relative.

* * * *

Unplugging Darwin just ain’t gonna to happen.

* * * *

Your habits are the experiences You embraced too closely.

* * * *

Please try coming up with something that has not been mindlessly yammered a gazillion times before.

* * * *

Every moment, an offering to the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

Guilt; don't do it.

* * * *

Resolutions, of most any this or that, are likely as constant as the wind.

* * * *

Humankind is a cancer, hell-bent on destroying our mother, if she does not get us first.

* * * *

We all follow a course that leads to its destiny.

* * * *

The best way to keep a secret, is to neither utter nor write it.

* * * *

"You are not alone," imagination lied; not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Is there anything more pathetic than a self-serving hypocrite?

* * * *

Awareness is the grand voyeur of all eternity.

* * * *

All human religions and their cultish affiliates, are over long overdue for circular filing.

* * * *

We are guided by pain.

* * * *

How sentimental we are to our memories and things.

* * * *

The seed of doubt is without doubt the key ingredient to where doubt can take the doubtful mind.

* * * *

Life is a marathon; pace your Self; abide in the emptiness.

* * * *

Propaganda is a weapon of mass destruction.

* * * *

We are up against 3.8 billion years of Darwin.

* * * *

Oscars to everyone and everything; astounding how perfectly all have played their quantum role.

* * * *

What is the secret to life? That there is no secret.

* * * *

Death is the release of vanity.

* * * *

The universe that imagination built, is as real as the human genome.

* * * *

How much more will You squeeze in before the Reaper taps You on the shoulder?

* * * *

And how do You decipher that dollop of awareness but by simply being.

* * * *

Mastery? Would that really, even be possible?

* * * *

Not everyone wants to be here; not everyone should have to stay here.

* * * *

Inattention is the first and last mistake.

* * * *

That which totality, is so much more, than any concoction of imagination, could ever hope to muster.

* * * *

Why care about stupid things, why be bound to trivial pursuit?

* * * *

No other can usurp your sovereignty without your acquiescence.

* * * *

For humankind to overcome its Darwinian-laced origin, would require a beyond-comprehension mutation.

* * * *

That just ain't gonna happen.

* * * *

Forgot that, too.

* * * *

What nobody sees, nobody knows, nobody cares.

* * * *

3.8 billion years of Darwin, and counting.

* * * *

If the crown fits, wear it well.

* * * *

The moment is That I Am; be the moment.

* * * *

Awareness stills through You as You move through it.

* * * *

You are the breath monitor.

* * * *

Any existence, casts ripples far and wide, in directions and distances and times, unknowable.

* * * *

The floodgate of eternity is accessed in the moment.

* * * *

Does imagination use You, or You it?

* * * *

When Jesus said, put no gods before me, he, hopefully, was not referring to the Jesus in so many wallets.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

The challenge with any system, is to use it as it was designed to be used.

* * * *

How can awareness ever not be immaculate, ever not be tabula rasa, ever not be the uncarved block?

* * * *

Awareness is the first and last frontier.

* * * *

Are You the personal I, or the impersonal eye?

* * * *

Another mind-spinner sets his spin for domination of one batch of sheeples or another.

* * * *

Another day in the quantum charade.

* * * *

Nothing is new under the sun; nothing is old, either.

* * * *

Any fate includes moving on, and being moved on; sometimes freely, sometimes not.

* * * *

The key to freedom is letting go everything.

* * * *

To all those who count themselves great, there is nothing about your existence I envy.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, sun and moon and the cosmos at large, all conspire to delude You that time is real.

* * * *

Nobody cares what you've done if You disrespect them.

* * * *

Who is this creature imagination ever brings forth?

* * * *

The challenge for the smartest guy in the room is to not make others feel like they are village idiots.

* * * *

Look how You have given your Self over to the delusion of the quantum illusion.

* * * *

Awareness is the common denominator.

* * * *

If pigs had thumbs, they would be wearing lipstick, too.

* * * *

An unfocused mind is a sure road to the confusion of delusion.

* * * *

Breathe through it.

* * * *

All mental illness has as its root, a blinding self-absorption.

* * * *

Abide in the emptiness.

* * * *

Only in pure consciousness, is there freedom from the known.

* * * *

The human paradigm was set in motion, long before the four-leggeds scrambled up into the trees.

* * * *

Pain teaches You to pay attention, maybe.

* * * *

Believe what You need to believe; anything more is distraction and delusion.

* * * *

The masks of this mystery are but the imagination of this mystery.

* * * *

Take it to the quantum level.

* * * *

The surest way to end a friendship, is to cross a line You did or did not know was there.

* * * *

Is You? Or is You not? Who's asking?

* * * *

Is the driver at the wheel as he reads this?

* * * *

And to think You could have spent all this time serenely staring at a wall.

* * * *

Is it a quantum matrix, or an imaginary maze?

* * * *

Sour chemistry makes for sour living, and sweet, for the sweet kind.

* * * *

Awareness, neither is, nor is not.

* * * *

How can You make sense of something that makes no sense, whatsoever?

* * * *

The fruit does not fall far from the tree; the monkey-mind does not wander far from the jungle.

* * * *

Another day of pretending space and time real.

* * * *

The soliloquy of illusion is a never-ending banter.

* * * *

Studying nature should not eviscerate her.

* * * *

Harvesting wisdom from chaos is the pastime of those who ponder.

* * * *

All interpretations, all explanations, all clarifications, all understandings, of this dream, are meaningless.

* * * *

There is only one truth, and it is not imaginary.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but tourist attractions; travelers wander the vast elsewhere.

* * * *

How often does the smartest guy in the room, end up being the only one in it?

* * * *

Let nothing rule.

* * * *

Vanity is an ever-present limitation.

* * * *

All existence has an expiration date, as does everything manifest in the quantum matrix.

* * * *

The relativity of perception is carried on by every seed's birthing.

* * * *

To discern Self, to be Self, is to throw away the middleman's collection plate.

* * * *

Every geography will have its own decline and fall, its own crash and burn, its own curtain call.

* * * *

Life adapts, or it does not, very simple.

* * * *

Go ask Samson what happens when You let a woman cut your hair.

* * * *

It is thought that counts.

* * * *

How far to play it? is the gambler's parable.

* * * *

Imagination can only pretend to reach so far.

* * * *

The parameters of desire are unique to every mind.

* * * *

A certain partiality to oblivion is required to delve into the ultimate nature.

* * * *

To engage, or not to engage, that is the question.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions have been in charge since long before we left the jungles.

* * * *

Absurdity laced with madness.

* * * *

One of the big dilemmas of the so-called civilized man, is choosing the correct recycling bin.

* * * *

Jesus, Save Me! (from all the absurdity).

* * * *

Being smarter, may well make You stupider; stay humble.

* * * *

Alone on a mountain, alone in a crowd, solitary witness to an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

And You thought You were going to get out under the wire.

* * * *

Not caring takes practice, lots of practice, and more after that.

* * * *

Oh joy, another day of monkey-mind absurdity.

* * * *

What's the rush?

* * * *

Whether You take it literally, whether You take it figuratively, depends how You translate it.

* * * *

With all the cameras about, how aware the citizenry becomes.

* * * *

What good is a universe torn to pieces?

* * * *

Forget everything; it is all just pretend, anyway.

* * * *

Eternity is the nothing special wakefulness of awareness, of hereness, of nowness, of nothingness.

* * * *

You are not even the person You imagine You were a moment ago.

* * * *

The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock, and then the rock keeps moving, too.

* * * *

A void in the abyss.

* * * *

Have You found your face, yet?

* * * *

Another day in the insane asylum.

* * * *

Surviving civilization in 3.8 billion-year-old software is not as easy as we might have hoped.

* * * *

Far easier to ask forgiveness from someone else, than it is yourself.

* * * *

Freedom is in every now.

* * * *

Why do You torture your Self so?

* * * *

Indifference to everything is the most tranquil track.

* * * *

Imagination is a powerful god.

* * * *

Impulsivity deprives You of a second look, which is often a good idea.

* * * *

More sound advice, unheard.

* * * *

The weight of time ages all who allow it.

* * * *

Seek God in your Self.

* * * *

You were born; You will consume; how much is the only question.

* * * *

Who can remember that?

* * * *

The difference between black and white is imaginary.

* * * *

How can You travel time if it does not exist, and its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

You cannot see it, without being it.

* * * *

Just another self-promoting megalomaniac, that history hails as great, if they write their own story.

* * * *

The matter that does not matter.

* * * *

It is admirable to be idealistic, but ya gotta eat.

* * * *

A volcano is just a zit on dust ball.

* * * *

Hard not to believe You are the body, if You do not discern the indivisibility.

* * * *

You cannot find God outside your Self.

* * * *

What was it You were supposed to remember, again?

* * * *

Awareness is the fountain of youth.

* * * *

The taint of time and space kaleidoscope in every untouched moment.

* * * *

Quantum so organized, as to appear real to all born, into the matrix they are.

* * * *

History requires survivors inclined to record it.

* * * *

Easier to see the illusion with eyes closed, than open.

* * * *

Awareness is timeless, awareness is spaceless, awareness is, awareness is not.

* * * *

Are ye a seeker, or a founder?

* * * *

The pathless moment ends all who's, all what's, all when's, all where's, all why's, all how's.

* * * *

More dogmatic quackery tipping imaginary scales.

* * * *

The roller coaster world is outdoing itself.

* * * *

Downstream, downdream.

* * * *

What we together imagine, is what it will be, in the future past of it all.

* * * *

And what happens when consumption no longer rules?

* * * *

You do not have to pretend or make-believe, to just be.

* * * *

All powerful, until the next wave hits.

* * * *

Breathe in, breathe out, grasshopper, the moment does not care.

* * * *

All the babble ever spoken or written, amounts to nothing.

* * * *

And what world, what universe, is there to see, hear, to touch, to smell, to feel, that is not imaginary?

* * * *

You are as free as You choose to be.

* * * *

You must vanquish the fearful You, through great attention.

* * * *

Stoke your hunger until it no longer controls You.

* * * *

You give your Self over to whatever world You imagine.

* * * *

Stories stir the imagination round any campfire.

* * * *

It's a joke, until it isn't.

* * * *

Nothing happens in a vacuum.

* * * *

You are not that I am; You are That I Am.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is but a sensory perception, an illusion, in which delusion has free reign.

* * * *

Thinking You are free, does not make You free.

* * * *

Sometimes You remember, sometimes You forget.

* * * *

Another pointless triage.

* * * *

If there is a deity, it is awareness, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

What is it You think You are seeking?

* * * *

The cliffs, the rocks; the sand, what an endless beating they take, and not one complaint.

* * * *

Unexpected journeys can be life-changing in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

Why we follow so many politicians, is absurd; where are the leaders?

* * * *

Nothing to change.

* * * *

It is okay not to know.

* * * *

Sometimes, You just have, to make do, with what You have.

* * * *

Where is the line between within and without?

* * * *

The future past is written in the sand of mind.

* * * *

Should be done well enough by now.

* * * *

The synergy of unnatural law is well underway.

* * * *

We all run out of time one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

What do the Fates have in store today?

* * * *

And what is all this experience, really, but a memory the moment it is dreamt?

* * * *

Awareness is incapable of knowing any difference.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the center of nothing?

* * * *

Strategy is where You are headed; tactics, how You will get there.

* * * *

The mind has much more potential, than simply being a master of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Pays to be mindful the rules.

* * * *

For the human paradigm to wake up to its mystery, would take way more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Passion is the herald of attachment.

* * * *

How attached are You to your existence? Who convinced You to care?

* * * *

Consciousness requires awareness, far more than the reverse.

* * * *

What the fuck is an expert?

* * * *

Learn to forgive yourself; after all, it never really happened.

* * * *

It makes no sense, whatsoever, that any of this has come to pass.

* * * *

Few spiritual inquiries stray, far beyond the given fairytale; early conditioning shapes us all.

* * * *

It just sort of gets quiet in there.

* * * *

Yes, You will forget this, too; oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

A different day, a different place, a different face, same babble.

* * * *

No more need for make-believe.

* * * *

Plan as You might, creation is always about making it up as the moment unfolds.

* * * *

Shooting the messenger does not change the message.

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve.

* * * *

Who would care? No, really, who would care?

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; everything new under an ever-new sun.

* * * *

Pawns in consciousness's stream.

* * * *

Doing the Buddha.

* * * *

Does the no-other other, make You stronger or weaker?

* * * *

Every who, every what, every where, every when, every why, every how; the cotton candy of nothing.

* * * *

Find your warrior, and stick with it.

* * * *

Looking for some god outside your Self is the wrong direction.

* * * *

Look out into the stars; You think some deity could do that without You?

* * * *

Just say no to cover-ups; own the fuck-ups, apologize once, and move on.

* * * *

There is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.

* * * *

Being very alone is the key.

* * * *

Which, even in likely times, is highly unlikely,

* * * *

Mother Nature kills everything sooner or later.

* * * *

From womb to graveyard, You are solitary witness to a dream, You every moment perceive.

* * * *

Could You fuck that up any better?

* * * *

It is in the fire of struggle that wisdom is forged.

* * * *

You may not like the differences, but You do not have to hate them.

* * * *

Judging your Self is the crime.

* * * *

May as well party on until the ship goes down.

* * * *

It is often in unbidden moments, that the clarity of awareness, the clarity of You, makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

What is there to doubt in a moment?

* * * *

Extinction is inevitable; who, what, when, where, why, how are the only questions.

* * * *

There goes more good money after bad.

* * * *

Death is just the body kaleidoscoping off, as birth, its kaleidoscoping on.

* * * *

You are your own muse.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain make You a believer.

* * * *

Meaningless death? What about meaningless life?

* * * *

What's the score?

* * * *

Idle speculation is king in the field of not-knowing.

* * * *

Look at any problem with the right intent, and the solution will materialize apparent.

* * * *

Is true agape something You can cloak or hold back?

* * * *

The relativity of perspective casts a wide net.

* * * *

When exactly is the point that a beginning begins, or and ending ends?

* * * *

The reflective mind, and its attachment to examining illusion, is a trap of its own making.

* * * *

Where can there be a demarcation between any moment, but through imagination.

* * * *

Who You are, and who You pretend You are, are very different states of mind.

* * * *

Greed works until someone else's takes a bite out of your hoard.

* * * *

Nothing happens all by its Self.

* * * *

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs.

* * * *

What are we but relatively miniscule organisms playing out relatively miniscule organism dreamtimes?

* * * *

Identifying with the biological entity is the fountain of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

Identifying with the biology is the wellspring of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

An unexpected decision.

* * * *

Can You walk away from anything and anyone?

* * * *

Call them what You will – thinkers, gurus, mystics, sages – philosophers really are a Self-absorbed lot.

* * * *

Do You enter the abyss, or the abyss, unto You?

* * * *

… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …

* * * *

Truth is loath to passion, for it is a rational, inherent, essential, natural beast.

* * * *

No need to feel agape; a quiver of affection will suffice.

* * * *

Is the problem other people, or what your mind does with them?

* * * *

If there is not common ground between all deities, then what the heck are You following?

* * * *

Truth is to illusion, what water is to oil.

* * * *

Makes sense, doesn't it?

* * * *

Stop looking for this mystery to be anything other than what it is.

* * * *

What does the flower offer, but total surrender, total vulnerability, total openness.

* * * *

First, a big, deep breath.

* * * *

As the view expands every moment, everything takes on a relatively relative stance.

* * * *

Though the world burn, though all creation perishes, You will ever abide.

* * * *

The rabbit hole abyss calls; can You hear it?

* * * *

To find yourself in a democratic geography, is a rare moment in a world of autocracy.

* * * *

And even if the body were tortured beyond all limits, could You see it any other way?

* * * *

Always be true to your Self, is always the best policy.

* * * *

Impulse is the demon.

* * * *

The beast has no limits.

* * * *

Belief blinds one to the truth of the moment, to the truth of awareness, to the truth of eternity.

* * * *

No point getting tangled up in the stream.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is bound only by its physics.

* * * *

To yearn to always exist, because You do, eternally so, but never in the way You think.

* * * *

Where did that come from?

* * * *

It has always been your own mind that imprisons You.

* * * *

If You have created a belief system about truth, then You have missed the mark.

* * * *

Creation and creator are one in the same; it is You, and You are it, eternity, with a dash of illusion.

* * * *

The Good Samaritan is potential within all.

* * * *

The awareness is your fountain of youth; it is your immortality, heaven on earth.

* * * *

Rest assured, something will always happen in the quantum churn, with or without your witnessing it.

* * * *

History is but an imaginary glacier.

* * * *

Clear or blurry, colored or colorless, light or dark, the view is the view.

* * * *

When did desire and fear and dread get the upper hand?

* * * *

Whether they realize it or not, I peer into every mind I meet, and likely they into mine.

* * * *

The dead do not care.

* * * *

A good reason for celibacy is that women are too much work for what You get out of it.

* * * *

Every moment has its choice.

* * * *

Try to relink and cultivate that innocence You once were.

* * * *

Is that your purpose, or someone else's?

* * * *

So many memories, so many perceptions, who can ever fully fathom the existence they have witnessed?

* * * *

Hash and rehash, and rehash again and again and again.

* * * *

Oh joy, another false drama.

* * * *

All creation is relative to those who witness it consciously.

* * * *

The hunger for this world, in that shedding of innocence, what was that like, anyway?

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am; You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

Though You likely did not know it early on, this was why You and I came into existence.

* * * *

If You do not want, if You do not hunger, this moment, what will there be to fear or dread?

* * * *

We are all Academy Award-winning actors; some well-paid for it.

* * * *

… and suddenly … You were there ... and then there ... and then there ... and then there ...

* * * *

What can You want from this moment, that is not already but a memory.

* * * *

Try not to let life make You too hard; an awakened existence appreciates at least the whiff of innocence.

* * * *

The busywork of pride is ceaseless.

* * * *

There is no present; only selected perceptions of it, memories of it, ever streaming by.

* * * *

You have had so many things, and once You possessed them, how many still enticed You?

* * * *

If You ain't no body, be nothing.

* * * *

Rest assured, very likely nobody will notice but You.

* * * *

Yet another whacked out monkey.

* * * *

Seriously, what is better than a glass of water?

* * * *

This universe, and any others, are but motes in the abyss of eternal awareness.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.

* * * *

Whether or not the human species is worth saving, is entirely up to the human species.

* * * *

The only story You need to end, is your own.

* * * *

Where are You when the neuron matrix no longer ignites imagination?

* * * *

To know, to be known, what point?

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

The ethical vision of the Hippocratic Oath has become propaganda for the almighty dollar.

* * * *

One does not need forever pretend something that is not real.

* * * *

It is all just make-believe.

* * * *

Nothing You need to do, no one You need to see, nothing You need to be.

* * * *

You were born without a story; what happened?

* * * *

How desperate are You, to wake up tomorrow?

* * * *

Death is just the end of all tomorrows.

* * * *

What did You really think You were going to do?

* * * *

Sometimes it takes a long time for two and two to equal four.

* * * *

Every life form has its own journey to the departure gate.

* * * *

The mind bound to eternity is unassailable.

* * * *

The ego You are always carrying, always promoting, always protecting, what is that imaginary impulse?

* * * *

Turn off the spigot of time.

* * * *

Let go everything; be the pure awareness You are.

* * * *

What need to justify your Self to anyone?

* * * *

Self absorbed.

* * * *

Unclench the monkey mind, die to the imaginary realm, from the frontal lobe to the brain stem.

* * * *

Just the way the monkey rolls.

* * * *

Peer out as the detached awareness, not the imagined persona.

* * * *

Despite all evidence to the contrary.

* * * *

Is your reality really what You think it is?

* * * *

So full, and still hungry.

* * * *

Zen, no zen, mind, no mind.

* * * *

Mind no mind no-mind.

* * * *

Very challenging in this world, not to let imagination run loose more often than You would like.

* * * *

The mind-body is a cloud in the sky of awareness.

* * * *

Die to the world; be the skyness.

* * * *

A loose cannon in the wind.

* * * *

Death is just not waking up again.

* * * *

We all create and endure different universes; none more or less real than any other.

* * * *

Pearls for all.

* * * *

Do You offer sweets to the gas tank, the way You do your tongue?

* * * *

Life is surely the most deadly dis-ease.

* * * *

You must disengage your inner dialogue, your inner chatter, to be the awareness You are.

* * * *

No full story – his, hers, ours, theirs, its – can ever be known.

* * * *

Existence is an ever-streaming political continuum between your imaginary self and your illusory world.

* * * *

Only in the great detachment of pure awareness can You be free.

* * * *

Look at a rock, and watch it change every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

Mastery of anything is a dubious claim.

* * * *

What is any life form's evolution, but one of mutation and migration.

* * * *

Self-pity, what a waste of awareness, what a waste of the moment.

* * * *

Own the awareness You are.

* * * *

Who else but a scholar addicted to symposium fare is even going to think about reading this babble?

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

Take in the moment, and all its sensory readings, as You would a gourmet meal.

* * * *

What an illusion You are.

* * * *

Surely life is far more than a collection of shiny things.

* * * *

Alone, be.

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not want to know how the story ends?

* * * *

Better to be rich? Or live rich? You decide.

* * * *

Keep your strategy close, and your tactics closer.

* * * *

There You go again, chasing your face.

* * * *

Positive negation or negative negation, You decide.

* * * *

Can't have it both ways at the same time.

* * * *

Be cautious about taking metaphors literally.

* * * *

Best not take it too personal.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison with quantum bars.

* * * *

Any means of exchange only has the value those who use it agree upon.

* * * *

And air, do not forget the air, we are all bottom feeders in that ocean.

* * * *

Quantum matrix, quantum illusion.

* * * *

Dude, where’s your imagination?

* * * *

An egalitarian mindset requires a free, classless, uncensored, unrestricted, sharing nature.

* * * *

Imagination is on the docket of its own creation.

* * * *

How can You be considered a traitor to any tribal mindset You never asked to join?

* * * *

How confining all human concoctions.

* * * *

Another thing, another facet, another version, long overdue.

* * * *

The politics of dealing with followers, why would You do that to your Self?

* * * *

All purpose, all meaning, are but contrivances of imagination.

* * * *

Tabula rasa knows no bounds.

* * * *

A dull sword needs no scabbard; a frayed string, no bow; a cracked shield, no bearer.

* * * *

Don’t get all cocky; You aren’t that much bigger than a gnat.

* * * *

And so begins another day of dancing-slogging through dreamtime.

* * * *

Your mind is moving, not the flag in the wind.

* * * *

To be content is to walk a pathless path.

* * * *

The word is only sound given concept, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

* * * *

How content the rock, to let You rush by.

* * * *

The quick to anger is always at risk; the slow to anger walks many camps.

* * * *

No matter how rationally it is reasoned, this mystery makes no sense, whatsoever.

* * * *

What an illusion, what a delusion.

* * * *

What can You tell the sage, that s/he has not already done, seen done, or thought about doing?

* * * *

Life, a fatal disease.

* * * *

Is there any story that has not been told times beyond counting?

* * * *

To be content with merely the inhale and exhale of air is as free as it gets.

* * * *

A lungful of air makes the world go round.

* * * *

It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Death-defying odds have likely ends, in one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

Polish that mirror until all You see is You.

* * * *

Yet another unfortunate habit.

* * * *

The mind can be an upper, the mind can be a downer, consciousness plays any venue.

* * * *

Might be a good idea to never open that door again.

* * * *

Physics is only as cracked up as it can be.

* * * *

Illusion inspires delusion.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is, the from beginning to end, an imaginary state.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, is the quantum fusion of memory.

* * * *

An old-school-new-school blend.

* * * *

A simple breath is the lowest common denominator.

* * * *

The river will reach the sea without a paddle.

* * * *

The sage does not sit in his own muck.

* * * *

All that thinking, where has it gotten You?

* * * *

To join in, or not to join in, that is the question.

* * * *

Imagination is about the becoming mind; awareness, the being mind.

* * * *

Odds are, the more You have invested in space and time, the harder the slog to the moment.

* * * *

To sit upon a throne is a burden, sages do not seek.

* * * *

To be truly detached, well, that's not as easy as You might think.

* * * *

How much is enough, how much is too much, only the wise can discern.

* * * *

The occasional hardship builds and sharpens gumption and grit.

* * * *

Dare to stop.

* * * *

Is that what really happened, or just what You think really happened?

* * * *

Studying anything and everything unveils the relativity of imagination.

* * * *

In dealing with the health care system, the first thing is to survive the health care system.

* * * *

You're not the first, You won't be the last.

* * * *

The chosen few always find their way to the choiceless.

* * * *

You cannot mop up dust in the floor board.

* * * *

Who can sleep in more than one bed at a time?

* * * *

Savor the moment, savor the awareness, savor the eternal, You truly are.

* * * *

Know where your priorities lie.

* * * *

Every moment, the same awareness, the same eternity.

* * * *

The rock is content to wash away slowly in the stream’s seasons.

* * * *

You are the unknown, known.

* * * *

Toy with Mother Nature, and she will toy back in her own good timeless.

* * * *

Not all prisons have bars.

* * * *

Be mindful the ground upon which You tread.

* * * *

Doubt is the key to eternity.

* * * *

We are all just beginners here.

* * * *

Say what You will, the rock will not stir.

* * * *

What conflict does not inflict harm in one form or another?

* * * *

That’s surely enough.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience; the young who do not give it ear, travel a precarious path.

* * * *

Toast the mighty, else they may well trim your head.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are indivisible; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Pretense only fools other pretenders.

* * * *

Another day in the space and time born of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Embrace the absurdity with a nod and a wink, and wry wit, if You can.

* * * *

Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Imagination must tame itself, if it wishes to survive for any length of time.

* * * *

Great wealth is an affliction only the foolish envy.

* * * *

What more could You have done, really?

* * * *

Temper your arrogance, with at least a dollop of humility, every now and again.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto life.

* * * *

Awareness must remain eternally diligent if it is determined to reign.

* * * *

Total freedom takes some real letting go.

* * * *

Stop taking it personally.

* * * *

Can the powerful, the wealthy, the famous, ever be truly content?

* * * *

Is there anything that has not been trammeled by one herd or another?

* * * *

You think You have arrived somewhere?

* * * *

What would be the point? What would be the meaning?

* * * *

You are part of eternity every moment.

* * * *

All waves, all destinies, are anonymous ripples, upon the sands of time.

* * * *

Yes is not no, and maybe, neither.

* * * *

What speck of dust is superior to any other?

* * * *

To embrace creation is to accept the inevitability of destruction.

* * * *

How much clearer can it be said?

* * * *

Doubt until the doubting is done.

* * * *

Say what You please, say what You must, until its wind subsides.

* * * *

Existence is the creator of all koans.

* * * *

The difference between any me and You, is but a state of relative perception.

* * * *

What choice can choicelessness offer?

* * * *

Together, alone.

* * * *

Persevere for as long as You please, and then do not look back.

* * * *

You are creator and creation.

* * * *

All the stories You have gleaned, all that You have imagined, die when You do.

* * * *

Douse the fire of doubt by doubting more.

* * * *

As needed.

* * * *

The straight-jacket falls away when the effort ceases.

* * * *

A slow amble will get You to eternity as fast as any dash.

* * * *

One does not aspire to eternity through time.

* * * *

It is enough that You have shared, what it is You have, to share.

* * * *

Awakening was what the mind is designed to achieve.

* * * *

How confining all human concoctions; tabula rasa knows no bounds.

* * * *

Mind is the timekeeper until the clock strikes eternity.

* * * *

What is money to contentment?

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, bow.

* * * *

Maintain your sovereignty, whether under siege, or at the trebuchet outside the walls.

* * * *

What will be your last flickering thought?

* * * *

Make whatever decisions need to be made, with true heart and sure mind.

* * * *

Everything You have ever done, ever conceived, ever naturally selected, has unfurled this moment.

* * * *

What inspired this great doubt?

* * * *

Seeds rise up in the ground of natural selection.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are co-creators in this mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

This entire work is imagination's desperation to not be undone: Viva la Révolution!

* * * *

Things change; adapt or suffer the consequences.

* * * *

At least a modicum of vanity, a smidgeon of selfishness, are necessary attributes in this earthly realm.

* * * *

You can only know what You are saying; never what anyone is hearing.

* * * *

Doubt everything but your Self.

* * * *

To winners go all; to losers, the rest.

* * * *

Is there any taste that cannot be acquired?

* * * *

How challenging for intelligence to survive the sea of ignorance.

* * * *

Please your Self.

* * * *

Discern the deep space in your mind.

* * * *

Being a stickler for any dogma, creates some acquaintances, ends others.

* * * *

If lightning is flashing in the forebrain, then imagination is running amok, and You are not your Self.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of details is the drone of hell.

* * * *

Dance with your Self.

* * * *

No one asked to be here, but anyone can sure decide to leave.

* * * *

A mind lost in the web of trivial pursuit, is a mind missing out on eternity.

* * * *

The descent into chaos.

* * * *

Unclench the hand, unclench the mind.

* * * *

Always ironic how revolts against tyranny only change the seating arrangement.

* * * *

We are all the same matrix of awareness; more real than any video game can ever be.

* * * *

Yet another rehash.

* * * *

Way, way, way too late.

* * * *

Any story is only as real as You believe in it, including your own.

* * * *

Awareness is the matrix.

* * * *

Try to resist the fantasies that inspire harm upon others; imagining it is surely enough.

* * * *

You are the pretender, imagination, imagining itself real; imagination, imagining its cosmos real.

* * * *

To be unmoored from this play, this world, this cosmos, what an esoteric fate.

* * * *

A curious mind is a mind occupied by imagination.

* * * *

It is all illusion, and so are You.

* * * *

A paycheck is one of the standard ways to learn to endure bullshit.

* * * *

Whatever You think any other is thinking, is what they are thinking, until they let You know otherwise.

* * * *

Achieving serenity is really, just a matter of simple, conscious breathing.

* * * *

The garden has always been there; in all our pride and greed, we just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

Back to basics.

* * * *

When will You see your last sunset?

* * * *

Imagination, the pretender, is always ready to swoop into the inattentive mind.

* * * *

Some things You just need to finish and move on.

* * * *

Look at all You possess, and wonder how much of it You will ever use or peruse again.

* * * *

Somebody else can have that record.

* * * *

What will happen to space and time when the sun consumes the world?

* * * *

New and improved, old and improved, what's to be improved?

* * * *

The unreal can never more than pretend-play real.

* * * *

The unreal can never more than play real, with a hearty helping of make-believe.

* * * *

This world, this cosmos, this mystery, was made for You.

* * * *

You are no more your mind-body than any other life form is its.

* * * *

When You die, so does your world, your universe, and everything You imagine, including your god(s).

* * * *

Consciousness is in the present, but can never be fully present.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, exists every moment You imagine it.

* * * *

My mystery is your mystery is our mystery is the one and only mystery.

* * * *

It is a teacher's job to inspire the love of learning.

* * * *

Exploring a different way of looking at existence is a rare feat.

* * * *

You cannot learn what You do not give at least a smidgeon of attention.

* * * *

Interfere with commerce at your peril.

* * * *

It is a mystery no one can solve, a mystery no one can solve.

* * * *

Through two eyes, one sees.

* * * *

Awareness is the beginning of all ends, the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

Awaken to the truth You truly are.

* * * *

Savor the moment; it will never happen again.

* * * *

If You play it too safe, will You die wishing You had not?

* * * *

Gravity is the chief agency of transformation.

* * * *

Prior to creation, prior to destruction, You are.

* * * *

They are all false gods.

* * * *

It is not always some grand conspiracy.

* * * *

It is okay to be Self-ish.

* * * *

Be as mindlessly vulnerable as a flower in the sun.

* * * *

Drugs, like Daniel Boone, can guide You into the wilderness of your being.

* * * *

Always check your work; nothing worse than finding out later, You left something undone.

* * * *

Analog clocks spin, digital clocks display, calendar pages turn; eternity never starts, never stops.

* * * *

Dang, no one around to see what a great shot that was.

* * * *

Do You really want to keep going down that road?

* * * *

To doubt, is to question every assumption, every value, every anything, every everything.

* * * *

It is whatever You imagine it to be; it is not whatever You imagine it to be.

* * * *

Never hurts to pause for a good, deep breath.

* * * *

Who knows what the fuck You were thinking?

* * * *

Group decisions are less about conspiracy, than they are mission statements put into action.

* * * *

What a lot of work You make for yourself.

* * * *

Another day in purgatory spreads its wings.

* * * *

Be the sky.

* * * *

Being cautious does not necessarily mean You are paranoid.

* * * *

Sometimes You go matrix, sometimes, whore to imagination, no big deal, it all passes the same.

* * * *

One group's mission statement is often another's conspiracy.

* * * *

What other can convince You anything less?

* * * *

You use whatever You got to survive, perhaps thrive.

* * * *

No point getting stressed about things no one else even imagines.

* * * *

The rabbit's hole, the rabbit's web.

* * * *

It's not like You don't know what's under there.

* * * *

Talk is cheap, and many if not most, are spendthrifts.

* * * *

Give it your best shot.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your world, your cosmos, your domain, your dream, your Self.

* * * *

Puffy, puffy-plus, puffy-plus-plus, puffy-too-scary-plus.

* * * *

You have to do it someday; why not today?

* * * *

Be warned: There is a lot to bite in to, in this little theme park of a philosophical nature.

* * * *

What kind of demented brain pattern came up with that one?

* * * *

It is not a new age; it is the new ageless.

* * * *

How will You waste your moment today?

* * * *

The difference between me and You, is a quantum thing.

* * * *

Duality is a concept long past its prime.

* * * *

Change is the lie of illusion.

* * * *

History is recorded, history is erased, eternity is everlasting.

* * * *

Whatever You are thinking about, whatever You are looking for, is in here somewhere.

* * * *

How can You change your fate into what it already is?

* * * *

Detach from self-imagery.

* * * *

To be a lab rat, or not to be a lab rat, that is the question.

* * * *

Just another day of watching the tide of humankind ebb and flow.

* * * *

Be what cannot be known

* * * *

Eternity is awareness, eternity is the moment, as small as it is large.

* * * *

Is that not predictable enough without paying out treasure to do a study?

* * * *

The prophet’s hat blows across the sands of time and space, looking for heads that match.

* * * *

Well on our way in the decline and fall.

* * * *

My mystery is much greater than your God, because my mystery includes You.

* * * *

In the genetic lottery, everyone's a winner, everyone's a loser.

* * * *

Something to do with quantum mechanics.

* * * *

Amuse your Self.

* * * *

Where are You in the spectrum of love and hate?

* * * *

It will still be there tomorrow, if You do not take care of it today.

* * * *

How much compassion can You afford?

* * * *

When is anything really off the table?

* * * *

This is an opus to That, to which this fate was called.

* * * *

How many moments have been left unattended because of bad breathing?

* * * *

How long would a moment be, had it a handle to which time might latch?

* * * *

Love certainly inspires happy endorphins.

* * * *

Set down your world, untether your mind-body.

* * * *

How blessed, those who know no different; who endure their lot, without discontent.

* * * *

I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

* * * *

Where the fuck is the rewind button!?

* * * *

So many things You might have done differently, were there a rewind button.

* * * *

This is the first and only moment, for everything, and nothing.

* * * *

Wander in the not-knowingness.

* * * *

The filament of awareness, is the eternal me, my Self, and I; anything less is delusion.

* * * *

The theatre plays it however You script it in your imaginary way.

* * * *

It is all like it never happened, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Yet another hypocritical piece of work.

* * * *

No matter how fast or slow it seems, it will always be right now.

* * * *

The answer is, there is no answer.

* * * *

What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

* * * *

Be a harbor to doubt.

* * * *

The ever-present more is an imaginary creature.

* * * *

No one can be forced to think for themselves.

* * * *

Identity is but the cloak of imagination.

* * * *

What are the odds that anyone will wake up to a larger view? is a question for which there is no knowing.

* * * *

Why would anyone even want to live forever in a decrepit old body?

* * * *

Doubt until the doubting's done.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything, even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Humankind is a tribal species; standing alone has its consequences.

* * * *

Weave no trail.

* * * *

Driving by a playground, one wonders what world those children will endure.

* * * *

Never hesitate to wander far from the sheeples scrum.

* * * *

Domestication weakens, damages, undermines, dilutes, thins, destabilizes, the Darwinian instinct.

* * * *

Holodeck, holoworld, holocosmos, holomystery.

* * * *

A large frame of reference may or may not save You from yourself.

* * * *

Let the knowing evaporate into nothingness.

* * * *

Do not allow your Self to fall victim to another’s fear of the unknown.

* * * *

It will all pass one now or another.

* * * *

How can You lose what You never possessed; how can You lose what was only imagined?

* * * *

Just pointing out the obvious, man.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaoh has only so many breaths.

* * * *

You imagine every variety of possibility, and have no certainty of any.

* * * *

All perspectives in time and space are relative to the point from which they are perceived.

* * * *

A life of reflection is not for all; more are required to churn the world that makes it possible.

* * * *

Moderation, frugality, and an aptitude for simplicity, make for serene living.

* * * *

Every life form has its universe, but only human beings weave it into absurdity.

* * * *

Please some deity, please your Self, same thing.

* * * *

Everyone is born with who-knows-what potential; destined eventually to lose it all.

* * * *

Some things, just have to be boots-on-the-ground, eyes-on.

* * * *

Numbers do not lie; only those who weave them.

* * * *

It is amazing what suffering all life will endure to continue.

* * * *

It is okay not to want it all.

* * * *

The matrix is an ocean with its life above ground.

* * * *

Death, life's cure.

* * * *

Death, the final cure.

* * * *

Death, the cure for life.

* * * *

Some days are getting-things-done days; some days are process days; most are a blend.

* * * *

If You believe that framed piece of paper on the wall really matters, think again.

* * * *

Does it really matter as much as You imagine it matters?

* * * *

All that sourness of stress and dread and fear, opens the door for every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Everything lies upon the spectrum of its imagined classification.

* * * *

The awareness ever still; the quantum matrix ever kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pride lurks in all thought.

* * * *

Madness amok.

* * * *

Paradox or irony; chicken or egg.

* * * *

Truth is very straight-forward, if You are straight-forward.

* * * *

The effort is in the tussle between awareness and imagination, and the mind's attachment to the latter.

* * * *

Every moment, your frame of reference expands.

* * * *

What is a tattoo but a splotch of ink, often making aging flesh even less attractive.

* * * *

Irritate the powers that be at your peril.

* * * *

Sometimes things ring true, sometimes they do not; You are the discerner.

* * * *

What strange habits of thinking the mind can weave into.

* * * *

Well, that was badly done.

* * * *

A mind bent on cruelty has no shortage of means.

* * * *

Christians, the first to judge, the last to forgive.

* * * *

Is it, hold your breath, clench your mind, or clench your mind, hold your breath?

* * * *

What lies will truth be spun as this day?

* * * *

The dystopian future likely includes a lot of feral rat-dogs packs.

* * * *

Always a good idea to check your addressee and message before You click the send button.

* * * *

So, is Jesus coming back as he was, or will daddy get to rape another virgin?

* * * *

The future, imagined, is the past projected.

* * * *

Realign with nature, or go extinct; very simple.

* * * *

Hey there, Monkey Breath.

* * * *

A blob by any other name would be the same.

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Quit your whining, get back on your horse; there are many far worse fates, guaranteed.

* * * *

Every culture has its frame of reference.

* * * *

If You must be saved, let it be from absurdity.

* * * *

Still looking for that miracle cure?

* * * *

It only seemed like serendipity in the moment You happened into it.

* * * *

If there is a god, then surely it includes You.

* * * *

Death, the cure for all that ails ya.

* * * *

What goes up must come down, if gravity and time and illusion have any say about it.

* * * *

Freedom is your birthright.

* * * *

The world offers every distraction for those minds seeking distraction.

* * * *

Why would any deity worth its salt favor any form?

* * * *

You need not be the smartest guy in the room to have wit enough.

* * * *

Do people really believe their forever-after propaganda? Well, yeah.

* * * *

What never began can never end.

* * * *

A quiet mind is an eternal mind.

* * * *

Imagination is an ever-churning hydra; the awareness, the eternal moment, is, without name.

* * * *

Awareness is here and gone before You know it.

* * * *

Tribalism is the boon and bane of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Living an effortless life is easier said than done.

* * * *

So full, I'm empty.

* * * *

Who-less, what-less, where-less, when-less, why-less, how-less, You are.

* * * *

What a bother it is to care.

* * * *

In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Civilization only cloaks the Darwinian reality with pretense and obfuscation.

* * * *

Another unsolvable mystery, another unanswerable question, yawn.

* * * *

Who could have seen that one coming?

* * * *

The push-pull of vanity-humility are akin to a drunk weaving down a razor's edge.

* * * *

The past is awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

Where there is neither beginning nor ending, You are; as immeasurable as only the moment can be.

* * * *

You believe there is individuality in awareness? Show me.

* * * *

Death is awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is nothing more than an imaginary dream; poof-gone as soon as You are.

* * * *

Dystopian fiction no more; horror and absurdity reign.

* * * *

Lost in time, lost in mind.

* * * *

All aboard for the ride to eternity, and perhaps bliss, if You have doubt enough.

* * * *

A car is a gun with four wheels.

* * * *

Streaming into the future with the eyes of the past.

* * * *

The future is the streaming past.

* * * *

Back to the future, back to the past.

* * * *

Existence is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

You are your own storyteller.

* * * *

Memories are but the ghosts of imagination.

* * * *

Another moment that never happened.

* * * *

Futility and absurdity are today's top descriptors of the human condition.

* * * *

So many heads in the sand.

* * * *

Getting in touchless with the awareness is the key.

* * * *

Anything can be rationalized.

* * * *

Only imagination cares.

* * * *

In the eyes of fate, there are no accidents.

* * * *

Survive the first day in the jungle, and You might even wake up to a second one.

* * * *

What concern does the sky have for the antics of clouds?

* * * *

And your point is?

* * * *

All destinies, all fates, all kismets, all fortunes, all lots, all providences, are the poof of imagination.

* * * *

There is no way to make it less absurd.

* * * *

Be aimless, be true.

* * * *

All assumptions are doubt-worthy.

* * * *

Giving it no mind can be very challenging without full attention on the task at hand.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove, to justify, to realize, with your brief little window of a dream?

* * * *

Back to the present.

* * * *

Plant the seeds of doubt wherever there is fertile ground.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the matrix, the illusion, is in your head every moment You let it in.

* * * *

Some things are not easily unseen, not easily unforgotten.

* * * *

Set aside all your assumptions, and what is left?

* * * *

How can there be a future if You only see it through the past?

* * * *

You are the highest power; assume nothing less.

* * * *

Do not allow vanity, disguised as humility, make You anything less, than the all You are.

* * * *

No matter how far or fast You journey, the past is always there waiting for You.

* * * *

Fate takes on all comers.

* * * *

The price of doing business is the gambler's gambol.

* * * *

And the point of a blank wall knowing all about a blank wall?

* * * *

Some dreams intersect and stream, in parallel fashion, far more coherently than others.

* * * *

History is the propaganda of imagination, designed to control the dream of time.

* * * *

It is a game that vanity plays, and imagination is its driver.

* * * *

Conclusions about truth are imagination's playground.

* * * *

It is less about what You do, than the awareness with which You do it.

* * * *

Awakening to a larger view is not a choice.

* * * *

That wasn't so bad, was it?

* * * *

What is the root of sorrow but unfulfilled expectations.

* * * *

To really, truly, to the core, not care what any other thinks of You, is a freedom that cannot be imagined.

* * * *

We are all just human here; try not to make more of it than it is.

* * * *

Death is just a good night's sleep.

* * * *

The perfect crime is the one no one ever knows even happened.

* * * *

Are You the same player, alone, as the character, the façade, the impersonator, You pose to the world?

* * * *

Making the world a better place? For who?

* * * *

Death is finally the good night's sleep, You only occasionally enjoyed during the waking life.

* * * *

Right relationship with nature is the key to survival.

* * * *

You will never know.

* * * *

Be quantum, one moment at a time.

* * * *

Humankind slimed its way to the treetops, and then out into the plains, and across the world.

* * * *

Well, that warn't funny.

* * * *

A blank wall, solving a blank wall, very koan-ish.

* * * *

What are You but the universal mind, dreaming the quantum illusion real.

* * * *

Ruling bodies are reflections of the cultures from which they blossom.

* * * *

However You do the math, 42 is the answer, man.

* * * *

Imagination, imagination, it is all nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Vanity and greed have no trouble ignoring rationality and equitability.

* * * *

For god’s sake, the tree is practically down to the stump; the Titanic had a better chance of surviving.

* * * *

Right purpose, wrong purpose, why have any purpose at all?

* * * *

How can all the yesterdays and todays and tomorrows not be the same indivisible moment?

* * * *

It is a weak and vain god that requires You to believe in it.

* * * *

The trick is not to get anyone so upset they want to chop off your head or burn You to death.

* * * *

To be bored is boring.

* * * *

Do You really believe that piece of paper hanging on your office wall?

* * * *

Another day in the food-body delusion.

* * * *

“Show me,” declared the man from Missouri.

* * * *

The proof is in the pudding.

* * * *

What discipline, what will, it takes, to not give in to the narcissistic-hedonistic gene that rules our kind.

* * * *

A teacher cannot teach what a student will not learn.

* * * *

All villains die, all guilty die, all heroes die, all innocents die; not necessarily in that order.

* * * *

Thar blows another one, matey.

* * * *

Ethics is what the minions pontificate, well away from any throne.

* * * *

Any metaphor is only a metaphor.

* * * *

Traditions come, traditions go, depending on the attachment of the young.

* * * *

To the last drop.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a flesh-wrapped blob.

* * * *

To survive, You must endure whatever fate has in store; rest assured, it will not end well.

* * * *

Yet another new testament destined to be ignored and forgotten.

* * * *

You bought that bridge a long time ago.

* * * *

How can You see this, and still be bound by geography or tribe or dogma or any illusion?

* * * *

Lost in space, found in space.

* * * *

Anticipation is one of those states of mind, that can drag the time-bound mind every whichaway but now.

* * * *

Boredom is boring.

* * * *

It is all just sensation, man.

* * * *

You are the mystery, nothing to get all vain about, everything else is, too.

* * * *

It is your demon; no need to make it everyone else's.

* * * *

Gifts from strangers are priceless.

* * * *

All differences are born of vain notion.

* * * *

What a hold imagination has upon our kind.

* * * *

Nice segue.

* * * *

It is in the moment through which space and time are traveled.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, feeling Goldilocks today, eh?

* * * *

The extinction of humankind will be nothing more than the end of gossip.

* * * *

Endless machinations make for endless false drama.

* * * *

Discern that every moment is a simultaneous act of creation and destruction.

* * * *

Another lost tribe, both literally and figuratively.

* * * *

A lie is a lie, no matter how bold the face.

* * * *

Biological make-believe.

* * * *

If such an unlikely thing ever came to pass.

* * * *

Suppose on Judgment Day, your God has You judge yourself; how will You plea?

* * * *

It is your mystery, and You will consume it as the algorithm deigns.

* * * *

A frank assessment.

* * * *

Pure consciousness is the pure, timeless awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

Another point of consciousness, lost in space.

* * * *

Bored is, as bored does.

* * * *

Doubt morphs into a double edge, when it begins to doubt its Self.

* * * *

Any excuse, any distraction, will only put off just doing it.

* * * *

You are imagination's puppet.

* * * *

And your point, again?

* * * *

You have a whole world, a whole universe; what need for make-believe?

* * * *

You play it as your fate ordains You play it.

* * * *

Get lost in eternity.

* * * *

Give it a break, at least once in a while.

* * * *

What geeks hath wrought, not even the gods could put back together again.

* * * *

Breathe in the nothingness, breathe out the nothingness.

* * * *

Fate is only in the minds of the living.

* * * *

Makes no sense, whatsoever, unless You are the tribeless irony-paradox sort.

* * * *

Must have made sense back then, but it sure does not now.

* * * *

Something happened; who knows how when ago.

* * * *

History is the distillation of current events, and the story teller's frame of reference, and intention.

* * * *

Yes, even that was predictable; just as fated as everything else You have ever said and done.

* * * *

Jesus-fucking-Christ, how the fuck did that happen!?

* * * *

Necessity has a way of finding solutions.

* * * *

Gravity is the final arbiter, and then only for as long as it holds together.

* * * *

There are no wasted moments, because the moment does not exist to be wasted.

* * * *

Well, that sure was not too smart.

* * * *

Only the rare few willingly look at anything that does not suit their frame of reference.

* * * *

Whatever these thoughts inspire You to do, or undo, or not do, so be it in the great so it goes.

* * * *

Peace is a state of mind.

* * * *

Ethics is really about domestication.

* * * *

The young look ahead; the old, behind.

* * * *

To aspire to greatness in the eyes of fools, what need have You for that?

* * * *

Thar she blows!

* * * *

You have an entire world, an entire universe, beyond comprehension, and You settle for make-believe?

* * * *

This revolution is intangibly serene, and requires neither declaration nor demonstration.

* * * *

What belief system is required to be your Self?

* * * *

Death is just the release from all the absurdities of existence; it is the dying that is the hard part.

* * * *

Might makes right, and vanity's measures make might.

* * * *

Putting into words that which words can never more than resonate.

* * * *

Is truth irrational opinion, or rational fact?

* * * *

The house duality built.

* * * *

A matter of fact.

* * * *

An esoteric muddle, indeed.

* * * *

Lead with a breath, not a thought.

* * * *

Options are always a good thing to have at your disposal.

* * * *

It is more than rather pathetic.

* * * *

Not easy to be detached in a mind-body hardwired to make it all, take it all, personal.

* * * *

Why is it always the last place You look?

* * * *

Just breathe, sleep will happen, wake will happen, or not.

* * * *

Wired to believe.

* * * *

A harbor of conceit.

* * * *

You are what You eat, and what is not consumed, moves on to other adventures.

* * * *

Speak truth to power at your peril.

* * * *

Vanity's dust ball.

* * * *

To fear, to dread, to loathe, to hate, your creation, can make for a challenging existence.

* * * *

Make it a reality, if You can.

* * * *

A good stretch rivals any orgasm.

* * * *

Darwin rules, always has, always will.

* * * *

Moderation is always a good ride-along.

* * * *

Ride the razor's edge however the moment dictates.

* * * *

How much more do You need? Feel free to douse the light anytime.

* * * *

Hell is in the details; enjoy the coals.

* * * *

Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

So, You think You know something, eh?

* * * *

Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, You decide.

* * * *

For a time that will never come.

* * * *

Dissolve into the moment.

* * * *

Nobody will really care as much as You, trust me.

* * * *

Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.

* * * *

Enlightenment is just a different way of seeing; liberation is making it the go-to.

* * * *

How insane, how inane, it will get, is anybody’s guess.

* * * *

Stardust come to life; imbued with the mystery of awareness, in one and all.

* * * *

Practice obliviating; cultivate and harvest oblivion.

* * * *

You may well be addicted to your tension, to all the post-traumatic stress You have endured.

* * * *

It is what we are, and will always be.

* * * *

The harbinger has come and gone.

* * * *

To see the mystery, You must be the mystery.

* * * *

Are You your unborn-undying? Take a breath, be here now.

* * * *

The past is unfolding before your eyes.

* * * *

The natural, relaxed, fluid mind, is without pause; the rigid, arduous, stilted mind, a nest of thorns.

* * * *

Want not, dread not.

* * * *

Your grave yawns before You.

* * * *

Hold nothing in your mind, as You would a dove in your hand.

* * * *

No need to be hyper-aware; moderation is always a good ride-along.

* * * *

Give the air some quiet today.

* * * *

Who can guess what anyone will remember about You once You are recast as dust?

* * * *

Every moment, beginner, master, You are.

* * * *

Debt: Avoid it, eliminate it, or at least minimalize it, as much as possible.

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

Of course, imagination imagines itself the most important thing in the universe.

* * * *

Get dusty.

* * * *

If all this had never happened, You would never know.

* * * *

Weave all this into a story? What would be the point?

* * * *

Each moment, another slice, another tidbit, of fate.

* * * *

You only know what memory colludes.

* * * *

Thank You, Jesus, thank You for another round of absurdity.

* * * *

You want humility? Get naked.

* * * *

We are what we eat, and what does not pass muster, is sent on its merry way, to algorithms unknown.

* * * *

Giving cockroaches a run for their crumbs.

* * * *

In how many ways will what-goes-up-must-come-down play out before it is over?

* * * *

It is the way we roll.

* * * *

Empaths see others as they are, the world as it is, no point judging.

* * * *

Anonymity is the best armor.

* * * *

Pay attention, or do not pay attention, it passes the same, ever the same moment.

* * * *

Relativity is an unsung art form.

* * * *

Time is a human invention based upon gravitational forces playing out between dust balls.

* * * *

Only in the awareness of the moment, is eternity present.

* * * *

How is it anyone who has not won an Oscar is allowed to criticize?

* * * *

The World v. Islam is very much a part of the future.

* * * *

All the lives, the theater of it all, and You, centerstage in every role.

* * * *

How is this play of consciousness any different than a supernova before it collapses upon itself?

* * * *

Eternity is tabula rasa; become eternity.

* * * *

The much we know, is truly so little.

* * * *

Imagine that.

* * * *

You will never have the answer to that illusion.

* * * *

Is real anything more than what You imagine it to be?

* * * *

The human paradigm has always been, will always be, a perpetual culture war.

* * * *

The bounds of time are many and not far between.

* * * *

Align the mind-body with eternity, or not, You choose.

* * * *

Imagine this work, a sand painting, waiting for the wind, or a broom.

* * * *

If it were an option, what would entice You to come back?

* * * *

Reject all claims that have vanity and greed at their root; imagination is not the source code.

* * * *

In the world, but not of it, what does that mean?

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, is not the eternal mind.

* * * *

And what can imagination ever know, really, but what it imagines?

* * * *

To expand one's frame of reference to its infinite potential is a rare calling.

* * * *

Pure awareness is pure mind.

* * * *

The internet has magnified the other in all minds.

* * * *

Given a choice, it will likely be the most pleasurable, least painful one.

* * * *

That anyone can believe in make-believe their entire existence, is indeed a put-aside-childish-things issue.

* * * *

False humility will not get You nowhere.

* * * *

To give the mind-body completely over to the moment, is about as blissful as existence gets.

* * * *

An investment in truth does not necessarily generate much interest.

* * * *

Stay sharp, challenge adversity.

* * * *

There is no gold in truth, only in all the toll booths surrounding it.

* * * *

When gravity is not enough, space will have to do.

* * * *

The fluidity of the quantum matrix is not going anywhere.

* * * *

Being the smartest guy in the room has its pluses and minuses, including being left alone.

* * * *

When it comes to horror and absurdity, is there anything surprising anymore?

* * * *

You are not an idol worshipper, everyone else is.

* * * *

The universe is only as big as technology, and your mind, every moment, make it.

* * * *

Forget calling it God, call it the mystery it is.

* * * *

Be the awareness, be the moment, be the now, be the timeless, be the eternal; not the thought.

* * * *

Why would any god or gods make even cursory time for your ceaseless self-absorption?

* * * *

False idols, false ideals, make for unending absurdity.

* * * *

All possibilities should be open, when all possibilities are unknown.

* * * *

Imagination builds airy everything, that dissolve in the light of momentary awareness.

* * * *

Nothing like enthusiasm to take us to our limits.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.

* * * *

What is it about history, or any subject, for that matter, that draws certain minds to ponder?

* * * *

Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

If You are prone to torturing your Self, stop.

* * * *

You have always been the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

This moment can be heaven, it can be purgatory, it can be hell, You decide.

* * * *

Do You find your fate, or it, You?

* * * *

There is nobody to follow, You must forge your own path, You must discover truth for your Self.

* * * *

You are good at creating worry and stress; can You create bliss?

* * * *

The joys of aging are without end.

* * * *

What plan, even the most thorough, does not require some adjustment?

* * * *

If You are prone to torturing your Self, stop.

* * * *

There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.

* * * *

You create great tension; can You create great bliss?

* * * *

Mammon has shaped human consciousness since the first barter.

* * * *

One’s spirit need not submit to mind-body pain and suffering.

* * * *

Are You, You, churning in the mundane, or are You, You, awareness, flowing in the moment.

* * * *

Some choices do not need to be repeated.

* * * *

Is it possible to live a life free of the pharaoh’s shadow?

* * * *

You are always that which is sought, but how often do You give it your full attention?

* * * *

Imagination does not easily give up its crown.

* * * *

Highly unlikely the human paradigm will ever transcend its predisposition towards magical thinking.

* * * *

Much easier to give credit to a guiding hand, than it is your Self.

* * * *

Nothing's over until it is over, so best to always pay attention, always en garde.

* * * *

The art of dying is letting go.

* * * *

The cancer of consciousness is daily more apparent.

* * * *

Who can say whether or not your fate is not wired in the winds of nature-nurture from the get-go?

* * * *

Consciousness requires a platform, awareness does not.

* * * *

Magical thinking is the outcome of wishful thinking, and wishful thinking is fallacious pipe-dreaming.

* * * *

What is death but the end to absurdity and suffering, and all its horrors.

* * * *

How could it not be inevitable that Mother Nature would find a way to ride the wave of destruction.

* * * *

Earnest philosophers witness everything with equal dispassion; they are scientists of the highest order.

* * * *

Regarding the future, the kindest thing You could do for your children, is smother them in their sleep.

* * * *

Breathe in the moment, breathe out the moment.

* * * *

Covid-Nineteen it was just a taste; just wait until something even more deadly blows through.

I* * * *

A philosopher few ever heard of died today.

* * * *

Learn to manifest, to manipulate, your mind-body chemistry, with or without supporting players.

* * * *

Imagine it so.

* * * *

Imagining it so, generally does not make it so, without at least a modicum of elbow grease.

* * * *

Under what leaf will there be a tasty morsel, as You scavenge your day.

* * * *

To have a better world just is not in the gene pool.

* * * *

Will You see this, well You just did, silly.

* * * *

Always choose the best, the most interesting, alternative available.

* * * *

It is the little people in the middle who always pay the price for tribal thinking.

* * * *

So, what's the memo say this week?

* * * *

How did that get into the game?

* * * *

It can be a dangerous thing to be preoccupied while crossing a street.

* * * *

Can You imagine anyone ever really reading all this esoteric gobbledygook?

* * * *

The inattentive have a tendency to get sucker-punched in the here and there.

* * * *

Self-reflection can be a whip of its own if You let it; try to relax and enjoy the ride.

* * * *

You are the driverless driver.

* * * *

Awareness is the ground, and there is only one ground.

* * * *

Home is where all doubts have run their course, and the mind stills into its timeless beingness.

* * * *

The entire universe is a dust ball, too.

* * * *

Having no bounds is why You are chosen.

* * * *

No need to apologize for being your Self.

* * * *

The slavers promise You a slot in some heaven, after they have sucked You dry in their hell.

* * * *

Could it have been done any better if You had planned it?

* * * *

So, that's what post-traumatic stress is all about.

* * * *

The best teachers are lifetime learners, and appreciate people, both big and little, to at least some degree.

* * * *

We're all just visitors here.

* * * *

How cannot You embrace the greatest vision; the one that includes You.

* * * *

Why have You never seen your own face; for the same reason no one else ever seen theirs.

* * * *

We vote with our dollar, we vote with our attention.

* * * *

Any given dreamtime requires some sort of platform for consciousness to play out its theater.

* * * *

So, where did that curiosity lead You this time?

* * * *

Call it Mystery, not God.

* * * *

Where is the maestro without the orchestra?

* * * *

Just another cult that calls itself a religion.

* * * *

Almost like You never did it, nor saw it, nor heard it, nor tasted it, nor smelled it, nor felt it.

* * * *

What fad has never become passé, trite, idiomatic, historical, perhaps metaphorical.

* * * *

One instant is no different than any other.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, or at least as close as these quantum mind-bodies have access.

* * * *

You need not always give in to the hunger for more; the blade of discipline should not be too dull.

* * * *

Just another now.

* * * *

Who is not a storyteller, an historian in their own right?

* * * *

To see it for what it is, is the only sanity.

* * * *

History is indifferent to all the actors who have died under its watch.

* * * *

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

* * * *

You are the awareness of eternity streaming through a quantum dream.

* * * *

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.

* * * *

The chimp likes his grog.

* * * *

It is that spark of intelligence, of wit, in the eyes that draws me to You.

* * * *

What did it take for natural selection to get You all those neurons?

* * * *

To go with the process, wherever it leads, is to embrace your fate.

* * * *

Moving mind or still mind, the moment kaleidoscopes the same.

* * * *

The newborn sets off on a sunny, bright trail, and then life happens.

* * * *

Doubt everything.

* * * *

An awful lot of different worlds in this world, and as many universes.

* * * *

Do anything often enough, and it will inevitably become an algorithm, until its systemic end.

* * * *

In a nutshell, to see the eternal, You must be the eternal.

* * * *

Those good old daze, are now a haze, if they are remembered at all.

* * * *

To be afraid of your own creation, and to want anything more of it, how sad.

* * * *

What history teaches us is that human vanity and greed are without limit.

* * * *

Why would You embrace a god that does not include You?

* * * *

Surely, the mystery, the totality, is, without vanity or avarice.

* * * *

Be wary, pride-filled humility.

* * * *

The most simple truths can be the hardest ones to discern, much less accept.

* * * *

A more languid pace is a serenity of its own.

* * * *

All must give the blob they inhabit its due.

* * * *

An understanding, a concession, a surrender, to truth, is required; elsewise, absurdity.

* * * *

When You walk about, do You walk alone, or with your imaginary self?

* * * *

Oxygen deprivation is a gateway for imagination to play out its whimsies.

* * * *

Inattention to the breath, makes for inattention in all things imaginable.

* * * *

To think without thinking is the eternal no-mind's way.

* * * *

Forget your own legend.

* * * *

A mind quick to passion is easily lost.

* * * *

The metaphorical wordscape will play out until the last mind departs.

* * * *

Be as nothing in the given moment.

* * * *

In what child can You predict their future?

* * * *

Have no law but what the moment naturally commands.

* * * *

All are muses.

* * * *

The streets are gold when everything is seen for the gold it is.

* * * *

Caps and t-shirts are a lot cheaper than tattoos.

* * * *

Only vanity would think otherwise.

* * * *

Imagination is a dagger that pierces through inattention.

* * * *

From fountain to urinal, it is all hydration migration.

* * * *

Religions are pointless beyond all reckonings; the human species is lost in its sea of absurdity.

* * * *

Go homeless, and breath in-out that birthright, pushing your cart down the quantum sidewalk.

* * * *

Be the quantum beingness You are.

* * * *

But for imagination's incessant usurpation, You need not think of anything; You can … just … be.

* * * *

The moment is unscathed by time.

* * * *

Traditions are cultural patterns to which patterned minds readily cling.

* * * *

Define forever.

* * * *

Real money does not need to be known.

* * * *

Duality is the lie born of imagination.

* * * *

Forever is a fallacious notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

None of it matters to anyone but You.

* * * *

Headlines are like ocean waves crashing one after another; all but indistinguishable over time.

* * * *

Be ye space, or a man who suffers?

* * * *

Who the fuck knows anything but what imagination has access to, and interest in?

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Your limits define your world, your universe.

* * * *

More trivia to forget.

* * * *

Who is anyone in the great relativity?

* * * *

Be spacial.

* * * *

You want meaning and purpose? Maybe try looking over there.

* * * *

... me me me …

* * * *

The pointlessness of pointlessness is the pointlessness beyond pointlessness.

* * * *

No matter how long our kind wanders across the face of this planet, none of this will ever make sense.

* * * *

If you've said anything, you've said too much.

* * * *

Hiding from life? Not exploring it all? What would be the point?

* * * *

Dangle the carrot of salvation, and true believers will pour gold into your coffers.

* * * *

History can be undone with a delete button, or rewritten with a few taps.

* * * *

Nobody cares; well, maybe your mother, or so she says.

* * * *

Technology cannot forever extend the problem it has in exceedingly large part created.

* * * *

Can Nietzsche come out to play?

* * * *

Some people just always need to be proving they have the bigger dick, and not always men.

* * * *

How much longer can the garden pay the price for our natural selection?

* * * *

A subjective mind in an objective dream.

* * * *

A fistful of dollars never does as much for the psyche as ye old bird in the hand.

* * * *

Be ready for your fate.

* * * *

Such pretentious blobs.

* * * *

The foundation of serenity: forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.

* * * *

All the human blobs, blobbing along.

* * * *

Could anyone fuck it up any better?

* * * *

Back to square one.

* * * *

The big ape has always ruled.

* * * *

The meter is one; fast or slow, up to You.

* * * *

Karma is what You make it, or not.

* * * *

You are about You; let others be about themselves.

* * * *

No journey like the present.

* * * *

So many ways the mind-body finds to torture its Self

* * * *

Trickle-trickle up, trickle-trickle down, trickle-trickle all around.

* * * *

‘Tis clever enough for esoteric consumption.

* * * *

One assumption too many.

* * * *

The breath is every moment; are You with it, or caught up in some imaginary flurry?

* * * *

And what can be said of gravity? Likely more than it ever needed.

* * * *

Time to do it, time to see it, time to be it.

* * * *

The trouble with post-traumatic stress, is less about it being locked in the body, than it is in mind.

* * * *

If You are lucky, death is quick and painless; if not, a likely unhappy departure.

* * * *

Each alone must divine the universe into which they have been by genetic lottery cast.

* * * *

What a friggin' insane asylum.

* * * *

Alone, we together pretend.

* * * *

The sound of destiny calls You.

* * * *

In suffering, we learn more than we want to know.

* * * *

If measuring is your thing, the universe offers no end of delight.

* * * *

And what more can be said about that dead horse?

* * * *

Doing the twenty-watt om.

* * * *

Materialism is its own cage.

* * * *

To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

* * * *

Negation frees; negativity binds.

* * * *

It helps to breathe well, and with a still mind, an aware mind, a no-mind.

* * * *

Never hesitate to retreat if that is the option that will allow another day.

* * * *

What problem cannot be waylaid by a good, full breath?

* * * *

The roar of the falls daily louder.

* * * *

Was it all intended, or simply chance, why would it matter, it is what it is, here You are.

* * * *

Always trying to keep up with the mad-mad world, pray tell, why?

* * * *

Imagination suffers many ghosts.

* * * *

It only seems like free will.

* * * *

How far into hell are You willing to descend?

Breadcrumbs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the part I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.

As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

Aphorisms are born of a knack for putting things succinctly.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

Alone at last.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre absurde.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

Yet another weary moment flowers, through the endless projection of vanity.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well, so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,

History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair.

* * * *

The absence of motive has been a deciding-defining force of its own.

* * * *

I, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
I, Awareness.

* * * *

I may not have had a choice in being born,
But I can certainly have hand in how it ends,
If the Reaper does not beat me to the punch.

* * * *

Looking to be a footnote in the history of mystery books.

* * * *

How random a process this work has been; boggling to have been witness to it all.

* * * *

Of those whose minds and hair are graying, we have all seen better daze.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,

Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Did I finally find my calling, or was it just waiting for me to arrive?

* * * *

Am I mad, or are You just deaf and blind?

* * * *

Waiting for the Reaper; may have to go find him.

* * * *

You know it is esoteric when You can barely give it away.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.
I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East
Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

* * * *

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey

Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

* * * *

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

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Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

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Got God?
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Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.

No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

* * * *

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

It never occurred to me to want to be rich, so I lived rich, instead.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

To my grave, anonymous, and not unhappy about it.

* * * *

A nonprofit prophet, I am, I am.

* * * *

This is my song of God.
Have done just about all that can be done,
To quietly, discreetly, below-the-radar,
Without making it about me, share it.
Whatever comes of it, is up to You.

* * * *

I thank the gods every day for being born in the Rome of current times.
And also to have been born a peasant, free of the weight of political and religious dogma.
With enough of an education, enough of a frame of reference, enough of a mind-body, enough of a spirit,
To rationally observe the human paradigm play out, through many lenses, its endless absurdities.

* * * *

What a bore I am.

* * * *

Everything in this opus to the mystery is subject to editing,
Which generally means to a better rendering,
At least in the editor's eye.

* * * *

Only slightly heavier than I was the day before.

* * * *

I keep getting enticed back; what a fucking loser, and a hypocrite, an added bonus.

* * * *

I do not envy the young.

* * * *

Which yesterday is today, I cannot remember.

* * * *

Who else but scholars addicted to symposium fare,
Are even going to think about reading all this babble-on?
And that supposes it will ever even breach the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Regarding whether or not there is some deity or deities on high,
I do not think there is, but do not know there is not.
Ergo, agnostic is the least tawdry label.

* * * *

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be a large amphitheater where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many evil characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

* * * *

Awakening was what this mind was programmed to achieve,
And to then babble to himself for the rest of this existence.

* * * *

The politics of dealing with followers, why would I do that to my Self?

* * * *

And so begins another day of slogging through dreamtime.

* * * *

What an insatiably voracious fiend I am for commas.

* * * *

I anticipate this life work long since dead on the vine, and me never known enough to be forgotten.

The enjoyment of having been called to churn out this plethora of babble-on,
Has, believe it or not, been satisfaction enough.
What is power, what is fame, what is fortune, to contentment?

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, I bow.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have certainly played a significant role in my exploratory existence.
They have no doubt played a huge function in the evolution of our species,
And it may well be their reintroduction into diets across the world,
May well be the only way the future will abide the tatters time has allotted.

* * * *

Nothing I need to do, no one I need to see, nothing I need to be.

* * * *

Have run into far too many human beings,
Who are smarter, more skillful, more adept, in many ways,
To assert I am in any way superior to anyone.

* * * *

And from the humble beginnings of infancy, of childhood, of adolescence,
I wandered into the everyday jungle, the world of perception,
And unleashed the unutterable abyss so few discern.
The eternal life to which all are entitled.

* * * *

I have never had a passionate need to challenge, to conquer, to win at all costs.
I can compete, and generally perform tolerably well in many arenas,
But I do not blubber if someone has got the better of me.
What need have I to prove anything to anyone?
Win some, lose some, win more later.
And someday, oblivion.
So it goes.

* * * *

At this 2023 writing, I have never created a video or voice recording,
So, if there ever is anything posted, it will be AI doing its chatbot thing.

* * * *

This has been a most interesting, very free, very freeing, existence to play out.

* * * *

Not desperate to wake up tomorrow.

* * * *

The whole thing just makes me laugh.

* * * *

An honest an account as this mind can muster; zen-ish without the zen.

* * * *

Once again, the AMA has failed me.

* * * *

Somebody else can have that record.

* * * *

The iceberg has already ripped through the underbelly,
And most everybody is still carousing on like there is no tomorrow.
I do not lose sleep over it; I have lived through the apex of the human paradigm,
And will be dust-worthy long-gone by the time the human debacle has sunk to its lowest depths.

* * * *

There is nothing herein that has not been said or written,
In some other space, some other time, some other culture, some other language,
But to have it all under one roof, in the lingua franca of these times, this mind; well, how lucky is that?
Best leave all your paltry all-that-glitters-is-not-gold gorp at the door.
This rabbit hole will not abide it.

* * * *

I often long for Old School.
It has been entertaining, it has been enlightening,
But I am so weary of this world, this species, and its race to extinction.

* * * *

I am very okay on settling with the inevitable on my own terms.

* * * *

Rich man's monk-ish life.

* * * *

I imagine every variety of possibility, and have no certainty of any.

* * * *

My art, such as it is.

* * * *

I am not saying there is not a God, or that aliens are not all around us; it is just nothing I have seen.
That we exist is an unutterable mystery that makes anything possible, but until I witness it for myself,
Or see proof that scientific method can verify, why should I waste time speculating or pondering hearsay?
Long ago, I a few times wandered hills in the starlight offering myself up for abduction,
And here I remain, a true don't-know-don't-care, bona fide agnostic.
At least it is from-the-keyboard-pulpit honest.

* * * *

I am the world, and the world is Me.

* * * *

Oblivion is no worry to me.

* * * *

True-believing anything has never been my thing.

* * * *

How lucky I am not to be You.

* * * *

In order to keep me on board, in order to keep me participating in this droning earthly game,
Imagination has enticed me, allowed me free rein, with an endless stream of thoughts, to stay in her fold.
Don Miguel Ruiz's Mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Returns to tabula rasa when knowledge of the world, within and without, is stilled.
Simply a matter of setting down the garden fruit plucked so long ago.

* * * *

How many cushions will that derrière someday cover in these our gluttonous times?

* * * *

A little taste is gist enough.

* * * *

Arrogance is its own bliss.

* * * *

Get behind me, You children of one book.

* * * *

One life was one more than I ever needed.

* * * *

Am I going to wait for the Reaper, or go out and meet him?

* * * *

Oblivion is alright by me.

* * * *

This opus will never be, what I would have it be, had I the time to set it right.

* * * *

Do not make your problem my problem.

* * * *

Have lived in twenty-five-ish rentals, plus a handful of housesitting gigs,

Plus who knows how many floors and couches and beds and tents and vans and motor homes.
Home is wherever this noggin rests, and I have always slept untroubled.
Must be some gypsy blood in there, somewhere.

* * * *

How fortunate for the world that I do not enact all the thoughts that spin through this mind.

* * * *

I have many fathers, many brothers.
All the teachers, all the thespians, all the comedians.
All the men, of every character, in whose presence I have ever been;
They have all contributed to who imagination pretends to be,
In this absurd dreamtime born of sensory illusion.
In reality, I am but absolute awareness,
Austere, free, immaculate.

* * * *

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

* * * *

What happens after death? … Don't know … Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

* * * *

Am I a spy for Self, or a counter-spy for imagination? Or both?

* * * *

So many things to do, and only a few I want to.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

* * * *

Confessions of a criminal mind.

* * * *

I am supposed to think all kinds of things are important,
That I do not have to even pretend are important anymore.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

Another ass spreading across the couch.

* * * *

Just because I can splice in a comma, should I? Oh, what is this insatiable lust for commas?
Or are they just a gentle pause I would give, were I oral before some forum, articulating live?
Alas for all those I might have as acolytes, were I sitting on some give-into-vanity golden throne,
Other than the random spontaneity of coffee shops and other wanders,
No in-person public forums for this alone guy.

* * * *

Who is this creature imagination ever brings forth?

* * * *

My teaching requires You, a grass root, to carry it forth.

* * * *

Why would I ever muzzle this keyboard to assuage political correctness?

* * * *

I am Gaia's scribe.

* * * *

And to think I could have spent all this time serenely staring at a wall.

* * * *

I, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.

Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
I, Quantum.

* * * *

There ain't nothing I cannot walk away from.

* * * *

A work still looking for an audience.

* * * *

There is very little about growing old that I find at all enticing.

* * * *

How do I perceive what I say is true? Because I would not elsewise say it.

* * * *

Another camera-ready aphorism,
Forever lost, or morphed into something else,
By the rambling mind, uncontrollably streaming out of reach.

* * * *

If I signed up for this existence,
I must have been very drunk or stoned,
Or filled with an incredibly boundless naïveté,
That the illusion has distilled into a resolute cynicism.

* * * *

Might have been a great pharaoh, if I had, had the stomach for corruption and political subterfuge.

* * * *

I'm in and out because somebody had to write it.

* * * *

Oh joy, another day of monkey-mind absurdity.

* * * *

In another moment, these writings would have had time to percolate, to distill,
Into a recognized work, that might have been influential in the play of human affairs.
But now, now time is no longer a luxury, and good intentions fall upon deaf ears, blind eyes.

What author can ever know, how his life work will ripple through time, how his snowflake will roll.

* * * *

I ask My Self this all the time.

* * * *

Every aphorism is complete, unless I happen back upon it, and refine it this way or that.

* * * *

Nationalism is just tribalism on a bigger scale, and I have no need for either.

* * * *

Anybody who follows me is an imbecile.
I only do friends and acquaintances.
And adversaries, as they happen.

* * * *

The phone has come close to being off the hook, so I must be on to something.

* * * *

Have always been partial to oblivion.

* * * *

If I needed anything, I would already have it.

* * * *

And unassigned mission, complete enough to serve its intent, if any subscribers come along.

* * * *

I am my own muse.

* * * *

A long and winding musing for the rest of times, and without doubt, not the only one.
There are who knows how many, who endure the anguish of Mother Gaia,
Who feel unutterably powerless against the insatiable predator,
That dominates this no-holds-barred monkey mind.
And all they can do is build a soapbox,
And preach to the choir.

* * * *

No aphorism is sacred; all are subject to editing.

* * * *

I have given You everything this mind has to give, for You to do with whatever You please.
My only entreaty, my only admonition, is that You waylay any absurdity as much as possible.

* * * *

Was that tonight or last night? I cannot remember.

* * * *

Written babble is all You are going to get out of me.
Videos and cult bullshit are just not going to happen.

* * * *

Ikkyū! Would that I had read You early on.

* * * *

Celibacy just sort of happened,
Once women became way too much work,
Once the benefit-cost ratio became an irrational choice.

* * * *

If I was a truly serious seer, none of this would have been written.

* * * *

Pretty well everything-ed out.

* * * *

Continued writing, long after all that was needed, was written and done.
Why?
Because there was nothing that garnered as much interest,
Long enough to not find the time to fiddle-faddle,
With all the thoughts that kept coming.
It was all that imagination had left in its arsenal.

* * * *

The spontaneity of a word-churning mind.

* * * *

What the fuck is an expert?

* * * *

Why do I keep trying to convince You of that which is obvious?

* * * *

I know what I am saying, I know what I am writing, but what You are cogitating, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

Other than fill in some of the time, this whole babbleon has been absolutely pointless.

* * * *

Why do I torture my Self so?

* * * *

Never much cared what I did, as long as it was interesting.

* * * *

You can discern how low a man's penis brain has taken him,
When You see him walking her rat dog, all alone,
On a predawn, cold Sunday morning.

* * * *

Never met anyone I wanted to come home to every night.

* * * *

More sound advice, likely unheard.

* * * *

Written on the off chance that You might someday read it.

* * * *

Awareness is my deity, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

Let the one-percenters and their minions have their moment in the sun.
Let them spend their daze, churning madly, to keep their worlds afloat.
They make my world, my dance, possible; and much, much freer for it.

* * * *

Should be done well enough by now.

* * * *

What would being a leader offer me?
Politicking, meetings, decisions, speeches, inspections,
Dinners, ceremonies, parades, limelight, lawsuits, publicity, et cetera ad infinitum.
I loathe them all; tedium, uniformity, repetitiveness, beyond all bounds.
You can find me alone in my cave, if You can find the cave.

* * * *

About writing, my father once advised setting aside drafts, to be read over time, several times.

* * * *

Of an egalitarian set.

* * * *

You are all academy award winners in my epic production.

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am; You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,

All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,
All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,

All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

* * * *

The money is rolling in … to someone else's till.

* * * *

Oh joy, something else I don't need, something else I won't ever use.

* * * *

Toying with oblivion, before oblivion toys with me.

* * * *

Fucking suits.

* * * *

So many things I might have done differently, were there a rewind button.

* * * *

What a lot of work I make for myself every time the editor steps in.

* * * *

Whether I am a philosopher or prophet or heretic,
Is for the future-past of history to decide,
Or ignore entirely, for that matter.

* * * *

Give me common sense and wisdom over trivial pursuit any day of the week.

* * * *

The only thing that will shut off this dittyfest is a helium hood or bullet through the ear.

* * * *

No argument I am as whacko as anybody I decry.

* * * *

This work is unconditionally free.
No obligation, monetary or otherwise.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

If You think this is sacrilegious, You should see what I threw away.

* * * *

Another toxic persona in the wake, thank the gods.

* * * *

If I must be saved, let it be from absurdity.

* * * *

I leave it to You to decide who-what-where-when-why-how I am, at least some of the time.

* * * *

Think of me as “The Emperor New Clothes” kid.

* * * *

This is as earnest a work as this nature-nurture frame of reference can offer,
For whatever dystopian nightmare is coming at this once-upon-a-time immaculate garden.
If You can find something that suits the times better, sally forth,
But not into more absurdity, please.

* * * *

To have had all these thoughts, spontaneously stream into this mind,
Has been both blessing and curse, both agony and ecstasy, both profound and absurd.
Michelangelo had his stone; Mozart, his music; Picasso, his paintings; Napoleon, his canons; I, my words.
Callings are like that.

* * * *

When I think of the dystopian future, I think of packs of feral rat-dogs.

* * * *

If I was in charge,
There would be easy-access-no-cost-no-questions-asked suicide clinics,
Throughout the land.

* * * *

My genetic material was not willful enough to bind me into plebeian-householder fare.

* * * *

Nothing like starting the day with a good ponder with a stranger.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of a mind gone rogue, loyal to all and none.

* * * *

The tortoise, unleashed.

* * * *

No worries, another ditty will pop in soon enough.
They just keep coming, until death do I part, I imagine.

* * * *

To be divinely free requires great diligence, great attention, great earnestness,
Which this genomic strain, does not always possess as fully as this body of work might imply.
I do, with great regret, confess my mortal weakness for the whimsies of every variety of imaginary notion.
They draw me willy-nilly, this way and that, that way and this, same as everyone else.
And it does not matter even one iota, for to have even seen it even once,
Is like touching the soul of realization, that You are the One.
If that does not humble You, what, pray tell, will?

* * * *

Wise guy, wise man.

* * * *

Rest assured, I may be a Mad Hatter,
But not mad enough to do an ear slice ‘n dice a la Van Gogh.
Though I may pass a bullet through it at some point, just to be done with the absurdity.

* * * *

Another perfect crime, the one no one ever even knows happened.

* * * *

This getting old has gotten way old.

* * * *

A never-finished work that will never be read.

* * * *

No doubt, many of my observations about science,
Could be greatly modified by many with much more edification,
But such is the so-it-goes song and dance You get with a plebeian education,
And a lack of interest in knowing more than the gist I seek, from most things Wikipedia.

* * * *

Stupid fucking monkeys.

* * * *

I was commissioned by eternity to scribe it, not sell it; take it or leave it, no matter to me.

* * * *

Alas for fame that I relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that I have more than enough.
Alas for power that I allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that I know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

Have written off the human species as anything I would ever do to my Self again.
Why I keep talking and writing and uploading all this babble-babble is the mystery.

* * * *

A man on a mission, she said; blame all the windmills, I answered.

* * * *

Breadcrumbs is what is called ‘breaking the fourth wall’ in the movies.

* * * *

Amazing what churns about in this wee little monkey-mind brain.

* * * *

I am indeed as vain as any I might point my finger at.

* * * *

Yet another new testament destined to be ignored and forgotten.

* * * *

Please forgive the digression, again.

* * * *

Remember, all these thoughts, are the timelessly time-bound You, pointing to the timeless You.

* * * *

Another day behind the curtain, jousting quantum fairy dust.

* * * *

All these ditties are imagination's unwarranted diligence,
In keeping me from actually doing the Cheshire.
Yes, there is indeed a level of irony at play.
Freedom calls, but no need to dash to the exit.
Give imagination its due in the thrill of the chase.

The Reaper will be arriving with Charon soon enough.
The abyss has a tendency to always be ready for new arrivals.

See!? It's doing it again! Make it stop, Mommy! Make it stop! Please!

* * * *

Is there anything more absurd, than zoom meetings,
With everyone staring into their screens the entire meeting?
Hardly anyone looking into the camera, but through sheer act of will.
Once upon a time, I was obliged by kin to participate in one,
And rest assured, it will never ever happen again,
In this, nor any other horror story.

* * * *

How do You fuck a mermaid, anyway? Assuming she wanted to, of course.

* * * *

My crimes against humanity, the whole world, for that matter, are many and not far between.

* * * *

The trick is not to get anyone so upset they want to chop off my head or burn me to death.

* * * *

Even the tiniest of thoughts,
Has a way of morphing into something all heady and useless,
By way of this mind.

* * * *

Me likes ze commas – they are a sweet pause in this mind – and insert them whenever, wherever me can.

* * * *

Don't believe a word I say.

* * * *

Let me think of a counter to that.

* * * *

Jesus-fucking-Christ, how the fuck did that happen!?

* * * *

The histories of the world have generally not been at all tolerant of such revolutionary thoughts as these.
How I have not been silenced, tortured, even executed, is indeed more than a little astounding,
And most certainly, very much due to the and time and place into which I was raised.
You can be very sure I would have long ago suffered a very agonizing death,
In more than a few geographies across this dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

Why would I, how could I, ever play your version,

Of what a prophet or mystic or saint or sage or fool, should be?
Thank the gods I was not born to become a myth, or even worse yet, a legend.
Or, maybe the other way round, in some sort of about way.

* * * *

Another lost-in-mind-having-fun ditty, oh well, so it went.

* * * *

What a relief it will to be done with this world, with the human species, and all its absurdities.

* * * *

Yup, he's a strange one, that Michael.
Nice guy, talks a lot a sense, until he doesn't.
That's usually when we edge away.

* * * *

Knowing the details of the many horrors ahead does not matter; the gist is all that is required.
The future is screwed in so many ways, and I do not care about an overlong life.
I will endure it, suffer it, as long as things are reasonably tolerable,
And then bye-bye, ta-ta-forever, best wishes to all.

* * * *

Oopsie, darn, forgot again, that is not the way the game is played, rewind.

* * * *

To aspire to greatness in the eyes of fools, what need have I for that?

* * * *

Makes no sense, whatsoever, unless You are the tribeless irony-paradox sort.

* * * *

Yup, my kind of ditty.

* * * *

They keep coming, and I keep scribbling them down.
What else have I got going besides movies and the gym?
As pointless a life as can be imagined in this pointless arena.
All for a time that will far more than likely never come,
In our arrogant little playhouse of consciousness.

* * * *

This mind does see with such clarity, prior to all this imagination.

* * * *

Getting my Self all confused again.

* * * *

Now I am ready, finally.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

What could be more timeless than now?

* * * *

Self is all.

* * * *

An esoteric muddle, indeed.

* * * *

Not hungry anymore; not sure I ever was, in the more-is-never-enough sense.

* * * *

Might have to start carrying a gun with one bullet, in case I am not close enough to ground zero.

* * * *

Ready to tap out any time.

* * * *

Write all this off to Self-therapy.

* * * *

God, but I am a bad speller; thank the gods for spellcheck! And grammarcheck, and the thesaurus, too!

* * * *

What belief system is required to be my Self?

* * * *

What would all my fellow dead poets think of this long and winding ponder?

* * * *

What belief system is required to be my Self?

* * * *

Getting dusty.

* * * *

Contemplation is thinking about doing it; meditation is doing it.

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

And the hero suits up for another quest.

* * * *

Why go on more than a side stage to yammer at people who likely will never hear You anyway?

* * * *

Realized soon out of college that I did not care enough,
Did not want enough, to struggle my way up some absurd food chain.
Instead, I became a gypsy, a jack of many skillsets, with an aptitude for adventure.

* * * *

Have had a lot of fun with Facebook, but now it is mainly a scrapbook with links to all writings and posts.
No problems, so far. And at this writing, I do not care. There is nothing I could not live without.
The powers that be could put me behind bars, or against a wall, and I would abide it.
Death is just not waking up one morning or another, preferably with as little pain as possible.

* * * *

I do not think any pandemic is going to wipe out every human.
Nuclear holocaust, or some sort of calamitous climate collapse, get my treasure.
Which means the human paradigm may work its way back to stone-age living well down whatever road.
The world will grow very large and anonymous, and every geography will have its own curtain call.
And the curtain does not come down until the fat lady sings. if there are any fat people by then.

* * * *

Am so done with this world, with the human paradigm, and all its unutterable absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Would go back to the relative innocence and solitude of old school without a second thought.

* * * *

Took half a lifetime to find my calling, and it does not make a cent; in fact, I pay out to do it.

* * * *

Another flurry of thoughts bursts into dreamtime.

* * * *

Might have written about that, too; readership being what it is, no one will ever know.

* * * *

Imagine this work, a sand painting, waiting for the wind, or a broom.

* * * *

What a frightful bore I have become.

* * * *

Imagination allows me to point out all its dirty little secrets,
Because it knows a gnat can do it little bother, much less any real harm.
There is no reason for it to fear the truth, to dread we will wake up.
It owns the human paradigm, and there is absolutely nothing,

Anyone can do to stop the inevitable decline and fall.
The Tralfamadorians are nodding their heads,
As I wander down the ‘so it goes’ isle.

* * * *

What am I trying to prove, You ask? Well, the point of futility, I answer.

* * * *

Planting seeds wherever I go; the birds right behind.

* * * *

It will not be at all easy to run across the confession in all this wordplay,
For all the offenses, all the misdeeds, all the crimes and misdemeanors, I have committed.
Yes, I could easily have been incarcerated, many times, maybe even a death sentence were I to stretch it.
I have nothing to conceal from strangers I will far more than likely never meet.
I was born a human being, same as everyone else.
And I survived, and had a pretty-decent show, for relatively little cost.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these, require the percolation of time, to see if they have merit.
Sigh, that I will never know their impact or evaporation in the landfill of imagination.

* * * *

The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

Well, if I am crazy, at least it is in good company.

* * * *

All I remember is drops sizzling, and the preacher stepping back.

* * * *

Know that I did my best, I gave my all, You are welcome.

* * * *

Just sowing more seeds of absurdity with which the future will perhaps be forced to contend.

* * * *

Sure, somebody else probably could have written it better,
But nobody else was willing to do it for nothing,
And had the frame of reference required.

* * * *

My religion, if it must be called that, is embracing all that is, all that is not – the mystery – of which I am.

* * * *

Well, I have obviously imagined someone someday read this.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

It is a sleeping world that allowed me to awaken, and leave this work for those who feel the call.

* * * *

My little pissing contest with the illusion.

* * * *

To be so consumed by this little pastime, this little hobby,
Glaringly shows how meaningless this absurdity has become.

* * * *

Each aphorism as precise, as my ability with language and the technology available, can make them.

* * * *

The noncommittal look, pans across yet another public square.

* * * *

Another day serving the mystery as best as vanity allows.

* * * *

Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

A conversation with my Self.

* * * *

To continue writing and editing this overworked work, is about as absurd as it gets.

* * * *

So endlessly replete with:

Gobbledygook
Jargon
Gibberish
Drivel
Waffle
Bunkum
Rubbish
Bunk
Claptrap
Poppycock
Balderdash
Mumbo Jumbo

As to be an insufferable boor.

* * * *

Would this have been written even if there was never to be an audience?
I have pretty much always been a Self-actualized character.
So the answer to that is maybe-probably yes.
So many other creative projects have already found their way
Into burning pits or landfills or boxes, unwitnessed by any other in this existence.
Current times have allowed it to be tossed every willy-nilly way, for it to find its own wheels, or not.

* * * *

The biggest reason I retired as early as the times allowed, is that I was tired of being tired.
The joy of napping whenever the zzz's called, has been my greatest gift to myself.
A dog's life, or a cat's, or any other domesticated creature, is the life for me.

* * * *

Momma raised a fool, and a wise man, or an asshole, You decide.

* * * *

Think of it as a sketch book or an instrument, that You are drawn to strum until the end of your time.

* * * *

So, where did curiosity lead me this time?

* * * *

This opus must find its own wheels; and whether it does or not, is nothing I can ever more than wonder.
No farmer can do more than abide the whimsies of Mother Nature to see the results of his labor.
No skin off my nose, what may or may not become, of all that has been set into digital.
My prize is having the good fortune to transcribe and edit it all, who know how many times.
The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

Yes, I do enjoy hearing my Self talk; who does not?

* * * *

My fun was writing it; what comes of it will sound pretty empty from the grave.

* * * *

As narcissistic and hedonistic and foolish as everyone else; maybe-likely even more so.

* * * *

What will come of all this? Well, nothing, of course, and what do I care?

* * * *

The gist is all I need about anything anymore.

* * * *

A philosopher few ever heard of died today.

* * * *

It may be twisted, but this wordplay is what I almost daily embrace,
Because it beckons me so; for what, if anything, I know not, nor do I really care.
It is what it is, and I am more than a little content, to have been the instrument of its creation.

* * * *

The task was to scribe this using current means;
To quietly disseminate it in Johnny Appleseed fashion.
For those who serendipitously find themselves in its possession,
To serendipitously pass it on to others, who might discern it for what it is,
And thereby perhaps pass it on and on and on and on as the moment ever morphs forth.
Hopefully, without the fingerprints of the revolutionary, the world could-never-will-never-shall-never,
More than vaguely imagine, as it has every other bygone willy-nilly visionary-slash-sage,
Leading-pushing-driving the human paradigm toward its certain extinction.
Quantum-absolutely no different than any microbial organism;
Our wandering meander through all things imaginary,
Through all things narcissistic-hedonistic,
Is but a twinkling in eternity,
The ineffable void,
Now.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

So much to do, and will, so often on holiday.

* * * *

I know when that aphorism is done,
And it is with a little blip of satisfaction,
That I attentively move on to the next moment.

* * * *

I am indeed, much less responsible, much less sensible, than these writings might otherwise indicate.

* * * *

All this is written because it is how imagination entices me into giving it the wheel.
All this is perused because it is how imagination entices You into giving it the wheel.

* * * *

How does all this get composed?
Because I pay attention, I inquire, I ponder,
And I bother to scribble down whatever comes to mind.
This existence has forged me into a philosopher at the wannabe level,
And no one else was available for long hours and no reward.
No doubt Nietzsche could articulate it more adeptly,
But we all know where his tale of woe ended.
Mine will hopefully dodge such a fate.

* * * *

It was Roland who most greatly sparked this wanderer's penchant for wandering.
Through him: coffee shops, writing, driving, meandering countless heres and theres.
And You, the reader, if You have found this, are now privy to another souvenir of trivia.

* * * *

Regarding being a neanderthal of the species,
I am happily wiring-challenged and tone deaf and pedestrian,
When it comes to all the emotional absurdities that plague the sugar and spice set.
There is absolutely nothing that would draw me be reborn a woman.
If there is more than this one existence, please, God, no.
That would be pitiless, above and beyond,
What I well know You capable.

* * * *

How about I tell You what I really think?

* * * *

Did not think the world needed another round of groupthink absurdity,
So I have left the dreamtime with way too many words,
But at least without a cultish following.
Makes all my nonsense much easier to ignore.

* * * *

Just sharing.

* * * *

Apologies to so many, for so many things I would do or say so differently,
Were there a rewind button somewhere in this dreamtime,
To which we have all been abandoned.

* * * *

Alas, the shoals of aging are closer and closer between; I doubt I will long abide them.

* * * *

The most I might hope for is to be the subject of some obscure symposium well past any meaning.

* * * *

Never had a money problem with women, because I never had all that much.
If they were with me, it because they liked me, and maybe even wanted my child.
How I evaded that domesticated fate, is a story to which there are many missing pages.

* * * *

Feel free to ignore my cynicism.

* * * *

Who does not occasionally feel the tinge of sorrow?

* * * *

Thank You, Jesus, for another day of having to put up with the curse You probably never intended.

* * * *

Yet another stay-at-home, coffee drinking, word-playing, movie-watching, aqua-chi-ing day.

* * * *

'Tis clever enough for esoteric consumption.

* * * *

Apologies for not always being consistent with capitalization and all its merry friends.
What can You expect from a country hick who wandered into the world with very little clue?

* * * *

All set for the rest of time.

* * * *

Okay, call me cynical; free to ignore me.

* * * *

For the last edit, look to the pdf's, not the blogs.

* * * *

I am about me; You need not be about me.

* * * *

Use the punctuation to read it as I might say it.

* * * *

Chances are good, that even if I do not like You,
I will let You live, unless You force the issue, that is.

* * * *

How drained, how exhausted, how jaded, I so often feel, by the human paradigm,
And this so-called civilized world, we have all together, in absurdity and ignorance, fashioned.
Even if I had the capacity, the power, to somehow forestall the inevitable collapse,
I might well, instead, pull out a fiddle, and wander the fiery ruins alone.
Wait, is that not what I am, for all practical purposes, doing?

Michael's Rabbit Hole

Both Part and Whole

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And You, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

Dialing Into the Moment

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

The Challenge of Change

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

Ever the Same One

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Clouds Through an Untouched Sky

This mind-body You imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

No Direction Known

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

Alas

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

The One and Only Moment

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom You may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

A Light Unto Your Self

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

Wrap Your Head Around It

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That You are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

The Eye of the Beholder

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

A Cancerous Tyranny

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

Quenching the Narrative

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

The Captains of History

Whether You want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

The Hunger for More

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

The Unclenched Mind

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what You are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

A Particle Wafting To and Fro

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once You have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

The Horror of Imagination

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, You so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

The Blindness of Imagination

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

Within Every Part and Particle

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

Of Childish Things

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

The Primary Directive

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for You to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

The Star Trek Dilemma

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,
Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

Surfing Existence

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

The Kaleidoscoping Dreamtime

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

The Nothing Special Express

You were maybe expecting some magical being or buddha or ivory tower wizard to scribe all this?
To take You on some joyous magic carpet ride to the feet of some great deity?
To stoke your vanity, and heal all your pain and suffering?
Nope, sorry, You will have to slog on through that all alone, same as everyone else.

The Price of Tribal Thinking

When it comes to an opportunity for any military to rain destruction down upon the masses,
The reality is they gotta get rid of all that cobwebbed inventory somehow.
Gotta keep the military-industrial complex in business.
Gotta ring up another cha-ching.
As Orwell, in his prescience noted, the powers that be,
Cannot allow the masses get too comfortable, and in the long run, too intelligent.
The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism’s vanity and hedonism’s greed.

A Solitary Journey

There is nobody to follow; You must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

A Moment Unlike Any Other

All our ancestors combined did not have all the experiential adventures that current times offer.
A world ripe, a world seasoned, for exploration, and mindsets so much freer of cultural constraints.
Would they envy us, or shake their heads in disbelief over the absurdity so many have embraced.

You, and You Alone

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do You care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

The Relativity of the Mind's Eye

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

The Final Solution

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

A Shakespearian Filibuster

In the great relativity, what is the human species but a throng of crunchy-chewy-gooey microorganisms,
With arms and legs, hearts and minds, portraying every variety of pride and greed and futility,
Every variety of narcissism and hedonism, imagination has the audacity to muster.
There is no possible triumphant ending to this Shakespearian filibuster,
Told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Dreamtime's Given Moment

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, You are your own student.
Learn whatever suits You, do whatever draws You.
Live your life as freely as the given moment allows.

In the World, but Not of It

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

The Right-Here-Right-Now

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

The Struggle Ahead

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

Breed or Perish

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

Star of the Show

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous dominion, explodes into being.
Théâtre de l'absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, ever sole thespian, ever center stage.
The showstopper is realizing that You are none of the forms in which You ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which You peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

There Is Only You

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Dying to Little Self

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

Organized Protoplasm

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre de l'absurde, for all those who are chameleons.
Ignore it, if You red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if You cannot.

Same Old Bubble

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

Well?

Found your face, yet?

Tabula Rasa

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

Almost

Almost like You never did it.
Almost like You never saw it.
Almost like You never heard it.
Almost like You never tasted it.
Almost like You never smelled it.
Almost like You never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

Maybe Does Not Mean Yes

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

The Attributes of Good Health

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency

Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if You wish to live long and well.

Be the Nothingness

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

Théâtre de L'Absurde

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.

It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is théâtre de l'absurde.

No Need for Anything

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

Disappear

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

What is an Elephant?

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

No Thought About It

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

Who Created This World?

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:
Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:
Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:
Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:
Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:
Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:
Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots, saddles, bridles, horseshoes,
whips, chariots, rope, chains, climbing gear, sails, parachutes,
pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:
Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:
Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpios, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:
Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:
Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, and air:
Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, ships, spaceships, drones.

They created the chemical weapons:

nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission ("atomic") bombs, nuclear fusion ("hydrogen") bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman's gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
But it was the supporting cast who put them there.

Discerning Self

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

You Are, You Are Not

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

The Underlying Mystery

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

The Evolution of the First Grunt

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

How Much More Anything?

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?

How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

The Past is Streaming

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are You in all this streaming?

No Other

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

How Many Times?

How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You masticated?
How many times have You intoxicated?
How many times have You abbreviated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fornicated?
How many times have You obliviated?
How many times have You demarcated?
How many times have You illustrated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fabricated?
How many times have You arbitrated?
How many times have You anticipated?
How many times have You abrogated?
How many times have You demonstrated?
How many times have You mediated?
How many times have You differentiate?
How many times have You discriminated?
How many times have You obliterated?
How many times have You isolated?
How many times have You segregated?
How many times have You obfuscated?
How many times have You expatriated?
How many times have You situated?
How many times have You pulsated?
How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You subjugated?
How many times have You matriculated?
How many times have You decimated?
How many times have You abridgiated?
How many times have You decimated?

How many times have You done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated
https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated

You Are Self, Be Self

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.

You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.

You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

You Do Not Really Exist

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorchach on some wall.

An Infinite Cosmos

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If You were born in the mountains, that was all You knew.
If You were born on an island, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a valley, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a plain, that was all You knew.
If You were born by the sea, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a mesa, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a forest, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a desert, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a wetland, that was all You knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

Awareness Does Not

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

Eternal Nature

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
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The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
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The undying, eternally undying.
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The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.

The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
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The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
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The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
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The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

Rich Man’s Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny’s mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

The Genetic Lottery

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Every Possibility

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a parachute?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being You?

Why?

Why do You allow any desire to grip You?
Why do You allow any fear to grip You?
Why do You allow any dread to grip You?
Why do You allow any passion to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

Nothingness

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

The Trouble

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

What Good?

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

Forget

Forget who You are sometimes.
Forget what You are sometimes.
Forget where You are sometimes.
Forget when You are sometimes.
Forget why You are sometimes.
Forget how You are sometimes.

Eternity's Moment

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Triple-whammy bam!

Up to You

Whether it is infinite or infinitesimal,
Whether it is spiritual or agnostic,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is live or die,
Whether it is wealthy or poor,
Whether it is alive or dead,
Whether it is believer or atheist,
Whether it is subtle or blatant,
Whether it is kind or cruel,
Whether it is sane or insane,
Whether it is straight or gay,
Whether it is sage or fool,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is do or do not,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is succeed or fail,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is still or moving,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is tit or tat,
Whether it is for or against,
Whether it is up or down,
Whether it is around or through,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fat or thin,
Whether it is strong or weak,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is give or take,
Whether it is to or from,
Whether it is wise or foolish,
Whether it is beautiful or ugly,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is fore or aft,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is rich or poor,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is ecstasy or agony,
Whether it is first or last,
Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is full or empty,
Whether it is sweet or bitter,
Whether it is loud or quiet,

Whether it is straight or rounded,
Whether it is bright or dim,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is astute or obtuse,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is clear or opaque,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is brave or cowardly,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is equal or lopsided,
Whether it is king or slave,
Whether it is queen or whore,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is soft or harsh,
Whether it is young or old,
Whether it is male or female,
Whether it is honest or dishonest,
Whether it is wild or tame,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is pure or foul,
Whether it is cautious or reckless,
Whether it is hit or miss,
Whether it is lead or follow,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is naive or cynical,
Whether it is truth or lie,
Whether it is deep or shallow,
Whether it is open or closed,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is near or far,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is in or out,
Whether it is free or imprisoned,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is attached or detached,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is all or none,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is smart or stupid,
Whether it is tall or short,
Whether it is forward or backward,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is selfless or selfish,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is within or without,
Whether it is yay or nay,
Whether it is close or distant,

Whether it is normal or weird,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is constant or fickle,
Whether it is positive or negative,
Whether it is happy or sad,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is over or under,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is loose or tight,
Whether it is plus or minus,
Whether it is above or below,
Whether it is inside or outside,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is smooth or coarse,
Whether it is wide or narrow,
Whether it is gentle or cruel,
Whether it is humble or vain,
Whether it is on or off,
Whether it is here or there,
Whether it is have or have not,
Whether it is sharp or dull,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is everything or nothing,
Whether it is something or nothing,
Whether it is white or black,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is this or that,

Is up to You.

Regarding the Supreme Deity

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

The Real Virtual Reality

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would You want it to be more?
Why would You believe it could be more?
Why would You make-believe it could be more?
Why would You hope it could be more?
Why would You pretend it could be more?
Why would You dream it could be more?
Why would You fathom it could be more?
Why would You aspire it could be more?
Why would You need it could be more?
Why would You crave it could be more?
Why would You covet it could be more?
Why would You fancy it could be more?
Why would You require it could be more?
Why would You wish it could be more?
Why would You suppose it could be more?
Why would You deem it could be more?
Why would You judge it could be more?
Why would You credit it could be more?
Why would You trust it could be more?
Why would You plan it could be more?
Why would You expect it could be more?
Why would You anticipate it could be more?
Why would You yearn it could be more?
Why would You long it could be more?
Why would You fantasize it could be more?
Why would You play it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You play-act it could be more?
Why would You feign it could be more?
Why would You divine it could be more?
Why would You measure it could be more?
Why would You sound it could be more?
Why would You gauge it could be more?
Why would You probe it could be more?
Why would You promise it could be more?
Why would You understand it could be more?
Why would You comprehend it could be more?
Why would You grasp it could be more?
Why would You demand it could be more?
Why would You insist it could be more?
Why would You claim it could be more?
Why would You petition it could be more?
Why would You mandate it could be more?
Why would You plea it could be more?
Why would You command it could be more?

Why would You order it could be more?
Why would You stipulate it could be more?
Why would You exact it could be more?
Why would You assert it could be more?
Why would You contend it could be more?
Why would You swear it could be more?
Why would You aver it could be more?
Why would You vow it could be more?
Why would You hold it could be more?
Why would You construct it could be more?
Why would You engineer it could be more?
Why would You manufacture it could be more?
Why would You formulate it could be more?
Why would You devise it could be more?
Why would You form it could be more?
Why would You assemble it could be more?
Why would You fake it could be more?
Why would You contrive it could be more?
Why would You concoct it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You design it could be more?
Why would You develop it could be more?
Why would You care it could be more?
Why would You pray it could be more?
Why would You sift it could be more?
Why would You dredge it could be more?
Why would You seek it could be more?
Why would You build it could be more?
Why would You counterfeit it could be more?
Why would You fabricate it could be more?
Why would You style it could be more?
Why would You originate it could be more?
Why would You declare it could be more?
Why would You imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

Only as Real as Imagination Imagines

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

The Envy of Ancestors

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

Pure and Simple

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

The Dream of Time

… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
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… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …

Who's Dream?

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.
All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

Wake Up and Remember

… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

Another Magic Carpet Day

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming
… dreaming … dreaming …
… dreaming …

Burn

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

Before Time, Before Space

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

Quantum Dancers

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

The Clarity of You

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

The Abyss of Eternity

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

Somehow

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

Just Be You

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

Sentience

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

Farther

Nothing, for farther than You can see.
Nothing, for farther than You can hear.
Nothing, for farther than You can feel.
Nothing, for farther than You can taste.
Nothing, for farther than You can smell.
Nothing, for farther than You can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

Every Moment a Choice

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

Quantum

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.

Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.

Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

Fire and Brimstone

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be large amphitheaters where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many dark characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

Counting on the Moment

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
Nanoseconds can be counted.
Attoseconds can be counted.
As can every category of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do You count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

Fathom Your Self

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

Realigning the Mind

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

Kaleidoscoping Quantum

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

A Taste for All

In the monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

… this led to this …

… this led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… ad infinitum …
… the moment is like that …

The Last Time

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before You know it.

Loss

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

The Grokking

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

To Discern the Mystery

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

Naught but a Dream

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …
… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …

… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …
… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …

… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …
… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …

… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

Only Imagination

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.
Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

Submit or Die

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

A Universe Unto Its Self

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

This Thing Called Life

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything You see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

An Eye for an Eye

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

You, Awareness

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

The Neither-Nors of Awareness

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

Basking in Neutral

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,
To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the ‘or’ of the middle way.

The Weight of All Things Imagined

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.
The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.

The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

The Quantum Infinity

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

A Wisp of Nothingness

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

You are the Moment

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.

The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.

The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are . absurd
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.

The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.

The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

What the Fates Hath Deigned

You are what You eat, and You shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, You are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

The Sands of Time

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that You have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

An Epic Revolution

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

The Mystery of Awareness

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

Long Gone

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

The End to All Questions

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

Regarding Imagination

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

Eternity's Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever You will, it is all You; there is no other.

One at a Time

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

The Truth of Eternity

Why are You so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did You have in anything, that lead You to be reading this?

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

The Madness of Science

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

The You, You Are

The You, You imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If You are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

Getting Its Own Legs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

An Anonymous Scribe

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

Done, Done, the Damage Done

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

A Decentralized Work

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

What Is a Philosopher?

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

A Dead Poet Strategy

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

A Piece of Writing

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

A Thought-Filled Theme Park

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
“What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?”
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

For an Inescapable Future

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

The Jungle in the Monkey

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Just Another Two-Legged

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: *A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history*

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

The Order of the Star in the East was founded in 1911 to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher. Krishnamurti was made Head of the Order. On August 3, 1929, the opening day of the annual Star Camp at Ommen, Holland, Krishnamurti dissolved the Order before 3000 members. Below is the full text of the talk he gave on that occasion.

Krishnamurti Online: Truth is a Pathless Land
http://www.jkrishnamurti.org/about-krishnamurti/dissolution-speech.php

Jiddu Krishnamurti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jiddu_Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, “What did that man pick up?” “He picked up a piece of Truth,” said the devil. “That is a very bad business for you, then,” said his friend. “Oh, not at all,” the devil replied, “I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: “What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you.” If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You

are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have

been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided

to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

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Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
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The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs (a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
History, History & More History
Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.

I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.